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THE QUEEN MAKING A WATER-COLOUR SKETCH OF THE LAKE OF MAIANO, IN TUSCANY.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

When in town we abuse London cabs and cabmen; but when we are at a health-resort we learn their value—or, at all events, their comparative value. The greatest drawback to persons of moderate means and indifferent health at the seaside is the dearness of the vehicles. It is difficult to set four wheels in motion under two shillings, and what is called “a fly”—which is never “a flier”—costs the visitor three and sixpence an hour. My conviction is that the resident gets it cheaper, for he always defends the extortion; perhaps he gets a commission upon it. Scarborough, with its charming little carriages with postillions, is the only exception to this evil rule. The most terrible flymen and the worst flies I ever met with ply from some small railway station—I forget its name—to Flamborough Head. I suppose it is the local air that makes them so very keen, but of all people in the world they ought to know the difference between a visitor and a gull; yet they always treat the former as though he were the latter. An invalid friend of mine had, years ago, a dreadful experience with them. He had engaged a vehicle to take him from the station and back, but on the road they met another, the driver of which observed to his driver, “Don’t you be bringing that ’ere gent back again, mind; I’ve got a better job for you.” The invalid feebly expostulated. “Pooh, pooh! You are not everybody!” observed the local autocrat, and drove on. “What does that madman mean?” inquired my friend. “Well, Sir, he’s my proprietor, and he means what he says,” replied the flyman. “But you have agreed with me for ten shillings for the double journey.” “Can’t help that, Sir; needs must when the devil drives.” My friend thought the metaphor most appropriate but the decision abominable. Every other fly was engaged, and the idea of spending the night on Flamborough Head, to a gentleman who lived, so to speak, in cotton wool, was alarming to the last degree; but though weak in body he was not deficient in intelligence. “I will pay you when we get back to the station, my man,” he said, “and not before.” “You don’t know my proprietor,” returned the other darkly. It was an uncomfortable remark, but, as it happened, the menace never took effect. When the time for departure came round my friend had the luck to find an empty fly. When he got to the station he paid the man with a generosity born of gratitude. “How lucky it was I found you disengaged!” he said. “Well, I wasn’t really disengaged,” replied the fellow, with a grin, “but the other gent paid me, you see, for the double journey *beforehand*.”

When one is at the seaside, and is too wise to tempt the waves, and too old to dig in the sand, sitting on the pier to watch the steam-boats begins to pall after a day or two, and one is driven to rely upon one’s own resources, which is only another name for books from the circulating library. What books one gets from it, and (especially) does not get from it! It is not only that the most desired volumes are pronounced to be “out” (though it is doubtful if they ever were “in”), but that some abominable reason is always given by the young woman behind the counter for their absence. She has no scruple in telling us that our favourite author is “not so much read as he used to be,” or in offering us, instead of his work, some unspeakably dreary book, of which she has a duplicate. Still, on the moth-eaten shelves one does occasionally come across a volume which, though it is not new, is so old as to be almost as good as new—something one has not read for these thirty years. Such a one I picked up the other day, when driven by stress of weather into a port of this kind—a library which was also a bazaar and a toy shop and an emporium of patent medicines. It was “Paul Ferroll.” It had in its day, which was ten years subsequent to that of “Jane Eyre,” a somewhat similar though inferior popularity. I notice now, for the first time, how like Rochester is to Paul. The latter has, however, a right to the title of an original. It is very unusual with any modern hero to be twice convicted of murder and yet to retain the sympathies of the reader; still, the novel is a very in-and-out one, now good, now bad. In perusing books that were favourites with us in our youth we find how old (and critical) we have become.

The way in which literature, as a calling, has in these later years expanded in all directions is remarkable; and some of the byways to a livelihood it has opened out are curious. The “literary agent” is now an established institution. He sells the novel for the modest writer who does not like to tell the publisher how highly he thinks of it, and “places” it for him in the newspaper “syndicate”; he transacts all his business for him with “America and the Colonies”; some say that he is like a courier, who sees that nobody imposes upon you except himself, but my experience does not bear out this cynical view. To expect him to take all this trouble for nothing, out of love for literature, as some people seem to do, is surely to expect too much. And now a new departure has taken place, also in the interests of the story-teller. An advertisement in the *Times* addressed “To Beginning Novel Writers” informs us that a successful novelist can take a few more people to train. So the thing has been already begun; the school of fiction is already opened. How one would like to peep into the school-room in which the budding author is being taught his trade! If it be a lady I presume she comes with

a chaperon, for romance is a very dangerous subject to treat of tête-à-tête. I don’t think much of the new Professor’s literary style: “To beginning novel writers” is by no means a good beginning, but where he is doubtless great is in plot and passion. One is never too old to learn, says the proverb, and there is no reason why the Professor should deny me the advantage of his academy; but I should like to gain admittance to it for another object. Reference is permitted to “a successful lady pupil,” and I am consumed with a desire to know the female novelist who owes her literary being to this new institution.

In the Hunsard case the judge has expressed astonishment that none of the victims of the alleged fraud have appeared in the witness-box to complain of their wrongs. It is amazing that judges, of all people, seem to be the only persons who are unaware of the distress and annoyance to which witnesses are almost invariably subjected in our law courts. There are many persons who would rather lose their money twice over than face an ordeal made so unnecessarily offensive; and to expect that those who have already suffered pecuniary injury should, in addition, voluntarily expose themselves to the risk of insult shows a curious ignorance of human nature.

Apropos of the law cases mentioned in the “Note Book” hinging on the likeness between two brothers, a correspondent sends me the account of a similar incident that lately came before the stipendiary magistrate of Liverpool. Owen O’Dwyer, charged with stealing eggs, averred it to be a case of mistaken identity, and called his brother George (it is not stated that he was a twin), on whose appearance the witness withdrew his identification. The prisoner (just as in the former case) commented on the unreliability of the evidence, and claimed acquittal, or, at all events, that both should be let out on bail. He was, however, less fortunate than his predecessor, for the magistrate said the case was such a very peculiar one that “there was no knowing whether other brothers all alike might not crop up in the meantime,” and retained them both in custody. It is not, after all, very much to the discredit of Nature, considering what a very large manufacture she conducts, that she should occasionally turn out some duplicates.

A curious case happened to me personally a few weeks ago, wherein, though there was no resemblance, a good deal of innocent perjury might have taken place. I used often to meet at a certain club a pretty well-known politician I will call Mr. B., and to talk to him on party matters. I was at the seaside staying with a friend when he walked into the local club and conversed with my host and myself. He told me he could not stay beyond a minute or two, as he had to address a meeting. I said to my friend when the other had gone, “Has B. much local influence here?” “Not that I know of,” he answered. “But he is going to hold forth at the Townhall to-night.” “Who told you that?” “He has just told me so himself.” “Indeed. I did not even know he was here,” he said. “Why, we have just been talking to him!” I replied. “Not I,” was the astounding reply. “I don’t know B.” I am not very well just now, and this was a little too much for me. But as a matter of fact, it was no more B. than I, or the least like him, though I had treated him as such for years, and would have identified him on oath in any court of justice.

In these days of philanthropy and “slumming” everyone is supposed to know something of how the other half—or, rather, the “submerged tenth”—of the world lives. Many persons have written about it, but in most cases the impression is left on the reader that the writer has visited the scenes he describes half-a-dozen times at most, and that he only enjoys the acquaintance of the inhabitants superficially. Now, the author of “A Pair of Lovers; the Short and Simple Annals of the Poor,” knows them “down to their boots,” in the rare cases when they happen to have any. Again, the descriptions of the very poor even by those who are familiar with them are generally bald and bare, mere photographs of their state of misery and destitution; whereas in addition to that appalling presentment the writer of the book in question reflects a gleam or two of sunshine such as is absent, let us hope, from no human existence, and gives naturalness to the picture. In one or two instances she even ventures on a touch of humour. So far from this detracting from the pathos of the subject, it enhances it. Indeed, in the whole range of fiction I know of no narrative more tenderly pathetic than the first of these stories from real life. The materials are so common that no common writer would dare to employ them as the only attraction of his tale, and yet they are amazingly effective. “Mary” is a story of the same kind, with a piece of elaborate drawing in the person of Mrs. Dowie that no prentice hand could have delineated. “Lit’la-iza” may be too moving for most readers, though, as has been well said, we ought surely to be able to bear to read of what others have to suffer; but the fun of “A Condition of Marriage” should restore them to equanimity. Upon the whole, this unambitious little volume strikes one as the most valuable contribution to the subject of which it treats, from a literary point of view, that has yet been vouchsafed us.

## CHICAGOMANIA.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The Americans are certainly, with all their superficial astuteness, a simple people. Now, simplicity, as Thucydides remarks, “is no small part of a noble nature,” and it is part of a young and buoyant nature, easily pleased. One envies, one does not reproach, our “cousins across the sea” (as Mr. Lowell said we called them when we were afraid of them) for their simple delight in a new toy. I own I am afraid of them—of those, I mean, whom the new toy of the Chicago Exhibition delights over measure, for they have done me a mischief already and may do me more. The letters they inflict on one about this gathering of things undesired!

Suppose (which Heaven forbid!) that we were going to have another gruesome Exhibition here. Is it probable that an English historian would cause a letter to be written to an American man of letters asking him gravely whether he thought that there would be another Exhibition as big in this generation? Fancy Mr. Lecky or Mr. Froude writing to put this query to, let us say, Mr. Aldrich in America! But this thing has been done to me, unless it was a hoax of an autograph-collector. Risking that probable peril, I replied that my mind was occupied with serious matters, that my consciousness had never played freely round Exhibitions, but that I hoped there would never be any more of them. The Americans ought to have seen a splendid opportunity of being original and un-European, by *not* having an Exhibition. I suppose we poor islanders invented this entertainment in 1851, unless the idea was Continental, and due to the genius of Prince Albert. The affair was absurd. The prattle of peace when there was no peace, nor will be, was absurd, but it was quite fresh, and a new birth of time. Now it is a jaded old idea; the glorification of commerce, of buying and selling, of the now trampled middle class, is, intellectually, as obsolete as human sacrifice or the ritual of cannibalism. Crowds, heat, miles of shops, gatherings of busybodies from all quarters of the globe, are things distasteful to the child of Nature. Would that they had never been invented! Not to have such a show—to do without this colossal advertisement—would have been a noble example to the nations of the earth.

Then, the things they ask one to do are heart-breaking to an elegant mind. To hold Congresses on Religion is one “notion.” A wise man keeps his ideas about religion to himself, having a fair appreciation of their value, or, at worst, he considers them in cool retirement, and expresses them in books which nobody reads. A kind of Council of Nice at Chicago cannot really add to our knowledge of these awful mysteries of God and the soul. Then an Authors’ Congress is a dire thing to think over. What have we to go congressing about? We write, and sell our writings as well as we can, or as well as we can take trouble about selling them, or we employ an agent; and there, surely, should be an end of the matter. Are we to tell publishers’ stories as some people tell ghost stories, with extreme solemnity, at a public conference? Story for story, one would prefer a conference of a ghostly character. Perhaps there may be such a congress—everything is possible. But the most trivial request of all is that one will send a book, with one’s name and a “sentiment” written in it, for a collection of such wares. This is autograph-hunting *in excelsis*. A book, good or bad, stands for itself; it gains nothing by the additional scribble. If this branch of the Exhibition wants one’s books, let it buy them. For what reason should one present a work, with the additional charm of an autograph and the additional expense of postage, to a large and opulent institution in Chicago? Indeed, I shall do no such thing. The whole outlay could not be less than one dollar, and as nine dollars represents my share of profits on a year’s American sales of two masterpieces, I cannot afford to give a ninth of my gains to Chicago, with an autograph thrown in. A writer prefers the public which buys his books, and does not demand his autograph or his private opinion, to the public whose members clamour for his private opinions and autographs but do not buy his books. This is a simple, natural, business-like sentiment. But what simplicity excels that of the American petitioners who enclose for reply an envelope equipped with American postage-stamps? They almost always do this, as if our country were part of the United States, and their stamps, with historical pictures in small, were current here. That is how Chicagomaniacs hit our English citizen in his most acute feelings for business. Perhaps the Chicagomaniacs (like the Anglomaniacs) in America are few. One is not drawing an indictment against a whole nation. But, if few, they are wonderfully stirring people: like the passion of love, as described by the Ettrick shepherd, they—

Canna let a puir body

Gang about his business.

The words bring back to memory the lonely loch where one last heard them sung among the silent hills—

Your horse’s hoof-tread sounds too rude  
So stilly is the solitude.

What a contrast to the glare and glitter, the noise and crowd, of a World’s Fair, and how much more endearing is the picture! Ask Christian and Hopeful, ye Chicagomaniacs, what they think of Vanity Fair, before you trouble a poor child of Nature by your inquiries and your stamped envelopes! Surely Thoreau might have been burned, like Faithful, in the market-place of this *foire aux vanités*, had he been alive and strayed into the tumult! Mr. Stedman has sung of Pan in Wall Street; let him introduce the rural goat-foot god to Chicago, and see whether Pan becomes a Chicagomaniac.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE QUEEN IN ITALY.

While her Majesty and Princess Beatrice sojourned at the Villa Palmieri, they not only visited the picture galleries, churches, and palaces of Florence, but also made short carriage-excursions in the neighbouring country on both sides of the Val d'Arno, and travelled by railway to Certaldo, on the Siena line, and to Poggibonzi and San Gimignano, a few miles south of Certaldo. This part of Tuscany is among the hills that were inhabited by the ancient Etrurian nation when Rome was in its infancy, and whose people have in later ages preserved much of the robust vigour of their pristine race. Boccaccio lived and died at Certaldo, where his house and tomb may be seen. The old collegiate church at San Gimignano is adorned with some of the best paintings by Benozzo Gozzoli, Ghirlandajo, and other artists of the fifteenth century, and with marble sculptures by Benedetto da Maiano. The landscape scenery between this place and Poggibonzi, along the banks of the Foci torrent, to the junction of the Elsa with the Staggia, with old castles and towers on the summits of the rugged hills, is romantic and picturesque. Our Queen is well known to have a taste for that kind of scenery, and fair skill in portraying its effects by her pencil or in water-colour sketches, as she has often done in the Scottish Highlands. While in Tuscany, she found excellent subjects for the exercise of this agreeable art. The estate belonging to an English gentleman, Mr. Temple Leader, at Maiano, comprises a small lake notable for its beauty, which tempted her Majesty to spend an hour in depicting its shores.

## THE WORLD'S FAIR AT CHICAGO.

The "Official Catalogue of the British Section" of the Chicago Exhibition, published by Messrs. William Clowes and Sons, consists of five hundred or more pages, which present a fairly entertaining, certainly a very instructive, epitome of the present condition of British Industries. From this catalogue we learn that the total area allotted to Great Britain and the British Possessions, within the Exhibition, is about 500,000 ft., of which the space of over 300,000 ft. is occupied by the mother country. This is, we believe, the largest amount of space ever allotted to Great Britain by another nation. Although no statistics are furnished in the catalogue it is quite clear that exhibitors have not worked up to their opportunities, and that while the space is larger the actual number of exhibits is smaller than heretofore. The fine arts would appear to be most in evidence. England is not usually credited with being pre-eminently distinguished in art, and yet it is through a picture gallery and not through her manufactures that she has elected to reveal herself to the people of Chicago! The special interest of the catalogue, however, to those who cannot attend the Exhibition, will be found in the introductory notes to the various industries. Professor Ray Lankester writes on sea fisheries, Mr. R. B. Marston on angling, Professor Le Neve Foster on mines, Mr. Reginald Hooker on manufactures, and so on. As an up-to-date cyclopædia the book will be widely read and carefully studied. Bulky as it is, we wish that it were twice the size.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

## SECOND NOTICE.

The pictures at Burlington House, whatever their merits or their faults, reflect more correctly the ebb and flow of our artists' powers than any other exhibition. However harshly we may judge the tendency of the works to which space is awarded by the Council of the Royal Academy, we must admit that its members can only deal with such as are submitted to them; and so long as they remain the official arbiters it is only fair to give them the credit of having made selection of the best works submitted to their judgment. In the first cursory view of the contents of the present exhibition we spoke of its prevailing characteristics, and a more careful review of the pictures does not cause us to modify that opinion.

In the first room, Mr. Stanhope Forbes's portrait of Mrs. William Bolitho (10) is a remarkably clever bit of brushwork, extremely sober in colour and in no part otherwise than admirably painted. Nevertheless, in comparing such a work with the Dutch masters, by whom Mr. Forbes has been obviously inspired, one feels that somehow his work just falls short of perfection. Mr. David Murray is exceptionally well represented this year, not only by the "Hampshire" (589) already referred to, but by the companion pictures, "Meadow Sweets" (11) and "Fir Faggots" (15), the former representing a hayfield, with a passing thundercloud. The latter, however, is the better work, because the artist has chosen a more difficult subject—an almost colourless sky, in which the position of the overhead sun is cleverly suggested by the sharp outlines of the lower clouds. The whole picture, of which the details are broadly painted, is flooded with white light, conveying a fine sense of atmosphere. Mr. Ernest Crofts' "Charge of the 3rd (King's Own) Light Dragoons" (7) is a brilliant mass of English and Indian troops, painted with dash and an effective sense of colour. Whether it conveys any accurate idea of a cavalry charge is another matter. Mr. J. T. Nettleship has long since earned his place as the most dramatic animal-painter of the day, and his "Big Drink" (17) shows his power in painting the rich tones of the tiger's skin. We should, however, like to know whether tigers, unlike other members of the cat tribe, put any part of their heads under water when drinking. Sir F. Leighton's "Farewell" (14) shows that the President does not shrink

from the difficulties of deep, rich tones, and that, like the old Venetians, he can blend them harmoniously. Mr. Orchardson, on the other hand, prefers low tones in his work, but his "Music" (19), with its soft and modulated colouring, is not as interesting a work as usual, and the harpsichord, of ungainly form, is far too large for the lady who is playing. Mr. Hugh G. Rivière has made an effective but not altogether happy portrait of Mrs. Henry Craik (26): the lines are too hard, and its expression too staring. Mrs. Corbet's "Goat-Girl" (27) is nice in colour, but is wanting in relief. Mr. Henry Woods' "First Communion Veil" (28) shows that he is quite capable of infusing something like sentiment into his work. It has always been careful and effective, but too frequently limited to subjects in which his fine sense of colour could be displayed. Mr. W. L. Wyllie has made a faithful transcript of what must have been a stirring scene—"Robert and Susan to the Rescue" (47), a life-boat bearing that name putting off amid the encouragement of spectators of all sorts and conditions, some evidently having hurried from the dinner table to offer help to the rescued on their reaching land. Sir John Millais' portrait of Mr. Hare is one of his best works, painted in his vigorous old style direct from the palette, and full of life and reality.

In the second gallery, Mr. George Clausen's "Cottage Girl" (57) is boldly painted, with that absolute contempt for mere facial beauty which distinguishes this devout follower of Bastien-Lepage. Mr. Stacy Marks's most learned author (58) shows his usual care and sense of balance throughout. There is perplexity rather than

and luminousness are conspicuous to a degree seldom found in pictures of the English school.

Gallery III., as usual, contains a large proportion of the principal pictures of the year. Some of them have already been referred to, but many others deserve notice. Mr. Herkomer's portraits of the Duke of Devonshire (130) and the Marquess of Bute (123), in his robes as Mayor of Cardiff, are, in comparison with Sir John Millais' portrait, slightly painted and too monotonous in colour—and, it must be admitted, rather "wooden" in expression. On the other hand, the fine qualities of the late Mr. Pettie are well brought out in his portrait of Mr. W. B. Greenfield (143), and better still in that of Alderman Thomas Wright (173), of which the brilliancy is not, as was often the case with the artist's work, obscured by fanciful or forced colouring. Mr. Oules again, in his portrait of Mr. G. H. Pember (154), in hunting dress, is seen to more than usual advantage, the lines of the face being sustained throughout, with the result of giving force and character. Mr. Watts's "Promises" (148) is one of his charming iridescent babes emerging from its shell, concerning which those gifted with fancy may form their own conjectures. Mr. Marcus Stone's well-dressed and accomplished young people have, after many little troubles and vexations, reached their "Honey-moon" (158), which will, it may be presumed, be the goal of their aspirations and of the artist's wishes. Mr. Stone is always charmingly pictorial and tasteful, but he has before now shown his powers on subjects of more interest than the loves of this eminently deserving couple. Mr. Goodall's "Water of the Nile" (168) shows that the reminiscences of a past now left far behind are still fresh

in the painter's mind; but it strikes the casual observer that, however vivid an impression it conveys of the country, the rosy tints in the foreground are too hot. The two best seapainters, Mr. Hook and Mr. Brett, are unequally represented, at least in the number of their works. The former sends a single picture, "Good Liquor, Duty Free" (211), in which the incident of the floating keg thrown ashore by the tide is quite trivial, the artist's aim being to show the effect of the advancing and receding waves. The result is not altogether happy, involving a sort of double perspective which makes the sand stand up in ridges. Mr. Brett, in all his three pictures—"Pearly Summer" (153), "Breakers among the Reefs" (417), and "The Sicilian Sea"—shows much conscientious work, although he often strives after an effect which is beyond his powers. In the first-named, and most successful, of his works, the glassy calm of the sea has been very carefully studied; but, as so often happens, his pictures seem to have no focus and very little, if any, cadence in their lights and colour. In a sense, Mr. Gow's "The Duke in Spain" (193) has an analogous defect arising from the want of atmosphere, every detail of the group being apparently equi-distant from the spectator. Mr. Arthur S. Cope's portrait of the Right Hon. H. H. Fowler (167), addressing an empty House of Commons, is the strongest work yet produced by an artist who bears a name already inscribed upon the roll of Academicians. Mr. Spindler sends a portrait of Madame Sarah Bernhardt (126), which, so far as the painting of the drapery goes, is extremely clever, but the actress's face is too immobile even for an actress. Mr. Alma-Tadema's portrait of Dr. Joachim (187) is an excellent instance of what he can do in the way of free handling, and is, in truth, far more attractive than the two girls in "Comparisons" (219), of which the workmanship, although unapproachable, astonishes rather than it pleases. Mr. Poynter's "Chloe" (199), like so much of his recent work, is clumsy and lumpy, and one can with difficulty understand how an artist who was formerly so fastidious can feel satisfied with work so heavily mechanical. Mr. H. W. B. Davis, on the other hand, has started into fresh life and strength this year, and his "Orchard in Picardy" (205) is a delightful study of both atmosphere and country life. Mr. Burgess's "Old Hero" (136), Mr. H. Woods' "La Bella del Paese" (119), Mr. Yeames' "Court and Courtiers" (179), and Mr. Calderon's "Elizabeth Woodville Parting with Her Younger Son" (210) are also works which will have their

special admirers, representing as they do pretty accurately the dividing lines of the old and the new schools of modern incident-painting.

Gallery IV. contains, amongst other pictures, the best work which Mr. G. H. Boughton has painted for many years, "The Vision at the Martyr's Well" (268), a work full of feeling and excellent workmanship. It reveals, but in a poetic spirit, how shrines like that of Notre Dame de la Salette come to be established, without casting any doubt on the good faith of the ecstatic peasant maiden. The President's "Frigidarium" (295) is also, perhaps, his best work of the year, both for the colour and modelling of the figure as well as for the painting of the gold mosaic of the bath-room. Mr. George Joy's "Truth" (248) is also an excellent bit of drawing, and although the flesh colour of the child is somewhat pale and cold, the picture is harmonious throughout. Mr. W. Logsdail can paint Venice (233) with the black tones of an English sky; and Mr. P. R. Morris can realise the full beauty of our truly English flower, the lilac (306); Mr. Sidney Cooper's "Noonday Drink" (253) would be creditable to the artist at any period of his life, but at the age of eighty-six it is phenomenal; Mr. Leslie Thomas's "Brickfields" (260), although composed of slight materials, is remarkable for both its feeling and workmanship; and Miss Margaret Dicksee's treatment of an incident in the life of the youthful Handel (279) shows more than average cleverness and insight. Mr. Luke Fildes' portrait of Mrs. Elliot Lees (247) is, perhaps, his more effective work; in any case, it is the one in which his sitter has best aroused his power of vivid portraiture. Mr. C. W. Wyllie's "Summer Flowers" (267), Mr. Colin Hunter's "Lobster-Fishers" (312), and Mr. Jacob-Hood's portrait of Mr. Seymour Haden (278) are also instances of good work.



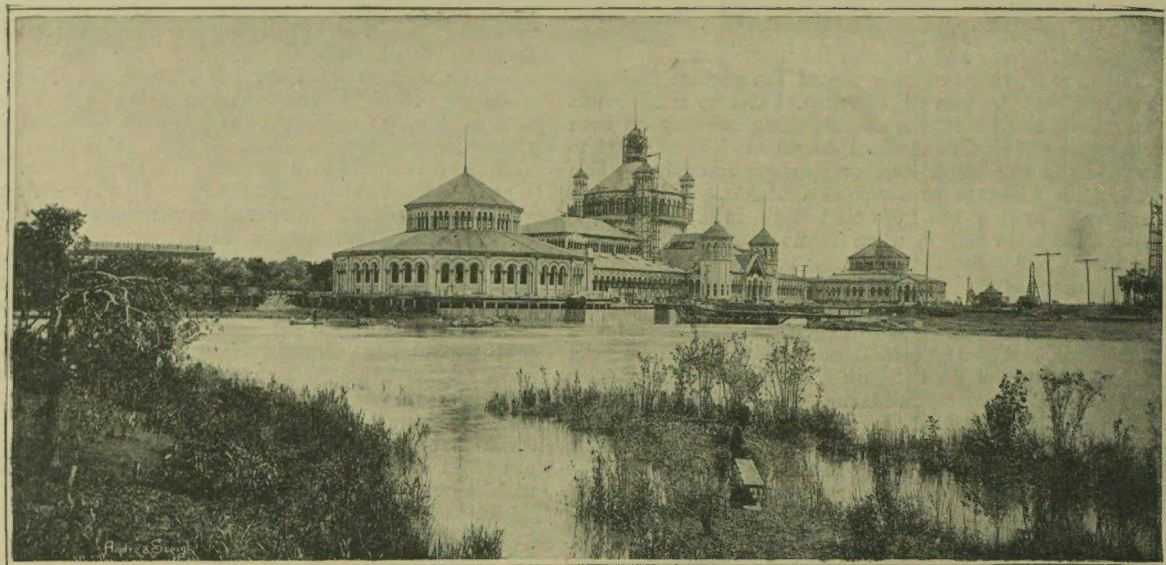
COVER OF THE BRITISH CATALOGUE OF THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

profundity in the worthy old gentleman's face; but he is obviously determined to enlighten the world on the subject of his studies. Mr. Seymour Lucas's "News of the Spanish Armada" (64) represents Philip on his knees at a table between two huge candlesticks, which do not date from 1588. Behind are two courtiers and an ecclesiastic, who hesitate to break the news of the disaster, which has just arrived. It is satisfactory to find that Mr. Seymour Lucas, notwithstanding his serious accident, can still paint with so much effect. Mr. J. N. Barlow's "Morning after Rain" (72) well deserves the prominent position awarded to it. The picture is admirably put together, and it is to be regretted that the artist should have been afraid of painting the colours he saw. A Frenchman with one tithe of Mr. Barlow's power would not have scrupled to throw colour as well as light and shadow into materials so admirably chosen. Mr. Briton Rivière cannot be reproached with such diffidence in "The King's Libation" (87), where the hard, dry blue of the king's robes draws away attention from the admirably painted heap of dead lions—the results of the day's chase—on which the mighty huntsman is pouring blood. Mr. Alma-Tadema shows the public under what inspirations—"In my Studio" (113)—he works, and one cannot but admire the genius with which he reproduces every detail of his surroundings: the marble, the brass, the metal-work and gold-embroidered table-cover are treated with equal and impartial care. Mr. Herkomer's portrait of Colonel Barnardiston (88), Mr. Nettleship's "Rich Spoil" (106), Mr. Dendy Sadler's "The New Will" (83), and Mr. A. T. Nowell's "Approach of Night" (114) are also noteworthy works; but among the landscapes two stand out in especial prominence: Mr. M. Ridley Corbet's "Spring" (104) and Mr. H. W. B. Davis's "Elder Bush" (103), in both of which solidity



## THE GREAT AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CHICAGO.

The great American International Exhibition at Chicago, officially styled "The World's Columbian Exposition," was opened by the President of the United States, Mr. Grover Cleveland, on Monday, May 1. This immense undertaking, on a scale far larger than that of any preceding exhibition, is in some degree associated with the celebration last year of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, upon which occasion there was a ceremonial dedication on Oct. 12 of the buildings and grounds at Chicago, prepared by a local corporation invested by the State of Illinois with powers for the work to be done there. But the "National" management of the Exhibition had, under an Act of Congress of the United States during the late Presidency of General Benjamin Harrison, been entrusted to a Commission of more than one hundred members, appointed by the Governors of all the States and Territories, and eight of them by the President of the Union. Mr. Thomas W. Palmer is President of this Commission; Mr. John J. Dickinson, Secretary; and Colonel George R. Davis, Director-General of the Exhibition. Funds were raised for the expenses, which were estimated at £3,500,000 sterling, by successive issues of capital stock, one million at a time, by the Commissioners, and by municipal bonds of the city of Chicago, with the aid of a temporary loan from Congress, while the United States Government, the State of Illinois, and other States contributed special grants, and foreign nations have paid for the cost of their own departments. The aggregate expenditure has reached one hundred million dollars. We can only describe, in brief, some of the larger buildings, which are shown in our Illustrations copied from Brentano's photographs of the Exhibition. They are erected mainly

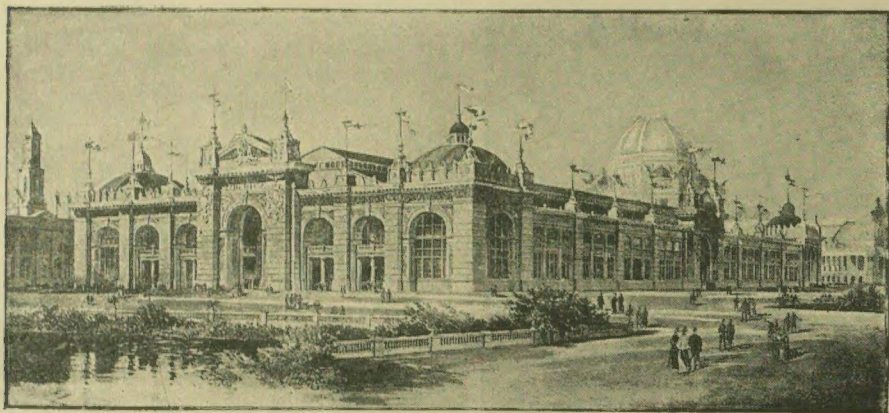


THE FISHERIES BUILDING.

tanks for the Victoria Regia, nymphæas, and other aquatic plants. This hall, 1000 ft. long, comprises a centre pavilion, with a glass dome 187 ft. wide and 113 ft. high, covering the palm-house, and two end pavilions connected by front and rear curtains, which enclose a series of hot-houses, open gardens, and courts. The Mines and Mining Department is accommodated with a building of classical design, surmounted by glass domes. That of Electricity occupies an equally

large structure in the Italian Renaissance style; before its main entrance is the statue of Benjamin Franklin. The Fisheries Building, one of Spanish Romanesque fashion, stands on a pretty island

probably be bought for the permanent gallery Chicago intends establishing after the Fair is over. The Art Building is, in reality, a group of galleries. The chief structure is cruciform, with a nave 320 ft. long by 96 ft. wide, and transepts stretching 300 ft. The four exterior angles are filled in with lower constructions, making it a parallelogram 500 ft. by 320 ft., with a wide projecting portico in the middle of each side, the roof extending from all the cornices back to the central dome. Separated from this main gallery, and 100 ft. distant on the east and west sides, are two annexes, brought forward so that the whole surrounds three sides of a court, which has an attractive aspect. The long Transportation Building is like a Roman Basilica, with broad nave and side aisles. The roof is in three divisions, the middle one rising much higher than the sides, with a beautiful arcaded clerestory. The main entrance is an immense single arch, treated entirely in



THE MINES AND MINING BUILDING.

in Jackson Park, on the south-western shore of Lake Michigan, about six miles to the south of the centre of the city, with access by the Illinois Central Railroad, by cable tram-car lines from State Street and Wabash Avenue, and by steam-boats on the lake. A mile and a half along the shore these buildings extend, and as far as Washington Park to the west. The loftiest and handsomest is the Administration Building, which consists of four pavilions surrounding a grand dome of 120 ft. diameter and 200 ft. high. The pavilions and lower part of the central building are of the Doric and Ionic architectural styles. The Machinery Hall is 850 ft. long and 500 ft. wide, constructed of three iron naves, with arched roofs of iron and glass, like some railway stations, placed side by side; adjoining this stands the Machinery Annex, 550 ft. long and 420 ft. wide. The Manufactures Building is very much larger, its dimensions being 1688 ft. in length and 788 ft. in width, nearly equal to those of our Crystal Palace. The Agricultural Building comprises five pavilions, the one in the centre being surmounted by a glass dome 130 ft. high; it is almost surrounded by small lakes in the park. Overlooking the largest of these pieces of water is the Horticultural Hall, with a front terrace for flowers and

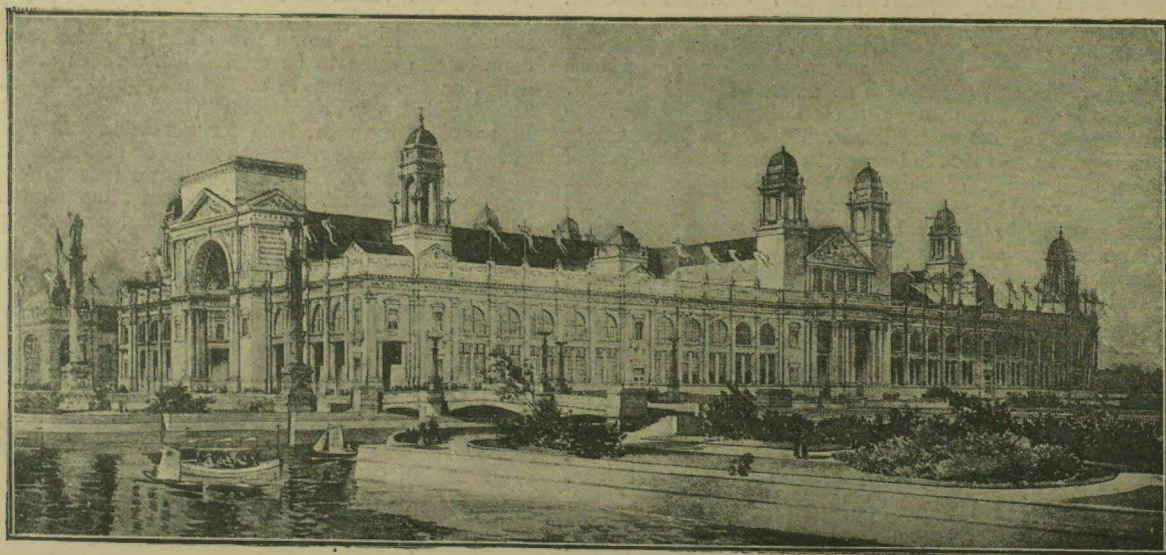
among the artificial lagoons. Its main edifice contains examples of all the apparatus used in the fishing industries of every people and of every age. Connected with this by arcades, which curve outward at either end, is a polygonal building 134 ft. in diameter, thus thrust forward, which contains the water pool and aquaria, and the angling paraphernalia. The live fish display is in a central basin 26 ft. wide, containing masses of rock and aquatic plants; also in ten large aquaria and a number of smaller ones, which have a capacity for 140,000 gallons of water, and glass fronts 575 ft. in length, through which the fish may be observed in their native element. This gives the finest exhibition of the kind ever seen in the United States, the Government Fish Commission providing much of it. The Fine Art Gallery, measuring 500 ft. by 320 ft., erected by the Federal Government, is a perfectly safe repository for the art collection. Many of the art exhibits here will



THE HORTICULTURAL HALL.

leaf, and called the "Golden Door." This leads to the central open space, surmounted by a cupola rising 165 ft., and reached by eight "lifts," which carry visitors to the galleries running along the sides of the building. Adjoining, on the west, is the Transportation Annex, a triangle of nine acres, consisting of one-storey buildings, each 64 ft. wide, set side by side. These contain, in spaces 16 ft. wide, long railway lines, to exhibit trains of cars and engines and specimens of every kind of vehicle, with a hundred locomotives, arranged so that each faces a central avenue, making a fine perspective effect. The building for the Women's Department, the United States Federal Government Building, the Illinois State Building, and the Victoria Building for the British Section are special features of the architectural assemblage. The space allotted to Great Britain and her Colonies in this Exhibition is 500,000 square feet. By the methodical energy and activity of the British Commissioners and their secretary, Sir Henry Trueman Wood, who rendered valuable services to the Health Exhibition of 1884 at South Kensington, and the Inventions Exhibition there in 1885, and at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, as Secretary to the Society of Arts, the British collection of exhibits at Chicago has been made ready sooner than any other part of the vast display of industries and arts. A separate notice of the British Catalogue will be found in this number of our Journal.

The opening day of the Exhibition was unfortunately rendered somewhat uncomfortable by heavy rain early in the morning, and by the muddy condition of the roads and grounds in the park when the procession of carriages arrived. It brought President Cleveland, Vice-President



THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING.



## THE GREAT AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CHICAGO.

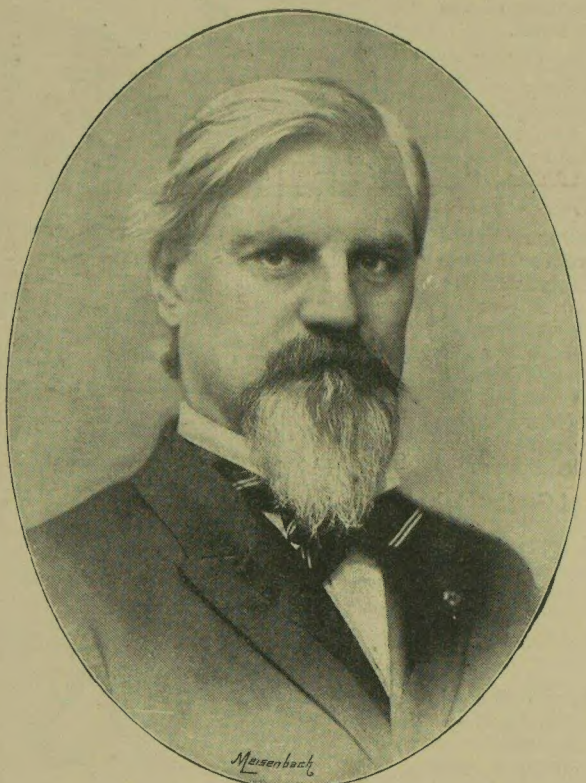


Photo by Brisbois, Mosher Gallery, Chicago.

COLONEL GEORGE R. DAVIS, DIRECTOR-GENERAL.

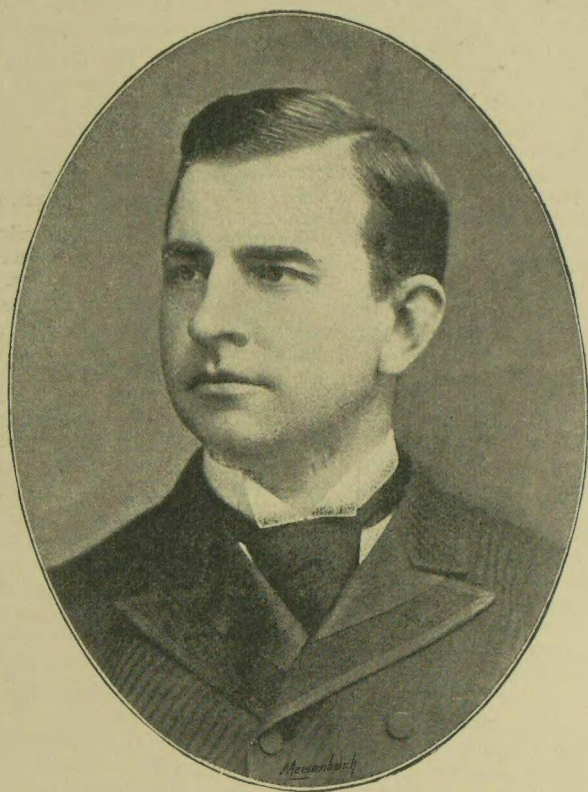


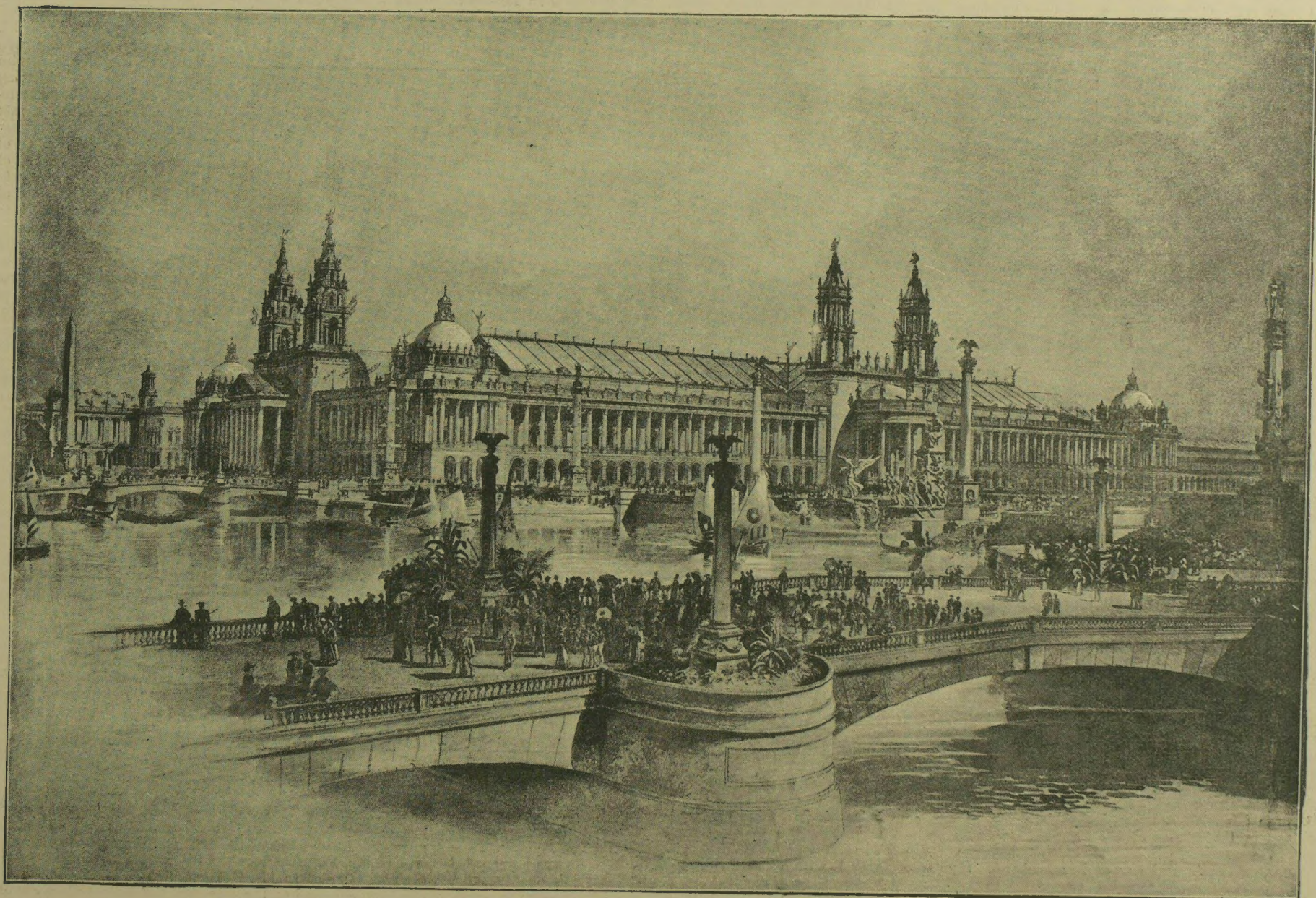
Photo by C. M. Bell, Washington.

MR. JOHN DICKINSON, SECRETARY.

Stevenson, Mr. Gresham, Secretary of State, Mr. Carlisle, Secretary to the Treasury, and the other Ministers of the Federal Government, the Senators and members of the House of Representatives, the Governors of States, the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers and other distinguished persons, one of whom was the Duke of Veragua, a lineal descendant of Christopher Columbus. They took their places on a platform in the Administration Building. A band of six hundred musicians performed the Columbian March and Hymn; prayer was offered by the Chaplain of the Senate; a poem was recited by a young lady; a report was read by Mr. G. R. Davis, the Director-General, and

President Cleveland delivered a brief impressive address; after which, by touching an ivory button, he started all the machinery in the Exhibition. Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" was sung by all the people assembled; the fountains started playing in the courts and grounds outside; all flags and banners were unfurled, and cannons fired volleys to salute the opening of the Exhibition precisely at noon. There was a grand luncheon, and the President, after receiving the foreign Commissioners, inspected some parts of the Exhibition. Other parts were still in an incomplete state, and the means of passing from one part to another of the grounds and buildings had not

yet been provided for the use of visitors. It was estimated that 440,000 people were gathered there on the opening day; there were three hundred newspaper reporters and journalists or special correspondents. The Spanish visitors, especially the Duke and Duchess of Veragua, and those connected with the naval escort of the two "caravels" made in imitation of the ancient vessels of Columbus, were greeted with special compliments. The President also received the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, introducing to him a deputation of Irish lace-makers and dairy-maids, with their gifts of a blackthorn shillelagh, a lace handkerchief, and a bunch of shamrock.



THE MACHINERY HALL.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, on her return from Italy, crossed the sea from Flushing to Port Victoria, Sheerness, in the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, on Friday, April 28, landed at half-past six in the evening, and proceeded to Windsor Castle.

The Prince of Wales visited Colonel Brabazon, commander of the Cavalry Brigade at Colchester, on April 27 and 28, and was met by General Carr Glyn, commanding the Eastern Military District, with whom he reviewed the 4th (Queen's Own) Hussars in the Abbey Field. His Royal Highness, on Saturday evening, April 29, was present at the dinner of the Royal Academy. The Duke of York, returning from Rome, arrived at Marlborough House on the same evening. On Sunday the Prince of Wales and his son visited the Queen at Windsor Castle, and returned to London on Monday, visiting also the Duke and Duchess of Fife at East Sheen. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their children, arrived at Windsor Castle on the Saturday.

The Lord Mayor of London, who received a deputation of the Ulster Unionists at the Mansion House on April 25, and expressed his hearty sympathy with their cause, promptly convened a City of London meeting to oppose the Irish Home Rule Bill. It was held at Guildhall on Wednesday, May 3; Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was the chief speaker. A meeting of London Welshmen to oppose Church Disestablishment was held on the same day at the Holborn Townhall, and was addressed by Lord Halsbury and the Bishop of St. Asaph. The "May Meetings" of the religious and missionary societies at Exeter Hall have begun.

The annual Amateur Art Exhibition, which this year is held at 18, Carlton House Terrace, is of more than usual interest. It will comprise, in addition to a number of the Marchioness of Waterford's drawings hitherto unexhibited, a collection of nearly two hundred portraits by John Downman, A.R.A., who lived at the close of the last century. Downman, for a time, was a fashionable portrait-painter, chiefly in water colours, and among his sitters were many of the celebrated men and, still more, of the pretty and distinguished women who played their parts between 1775 and 1820. The portraits have been brought together by a committee of ladies interested in the Parochial Mission Women Fund and the East London Nursing Society, in whose aid the exhibition is held. In addition to the loan collection of portraits are a number of drawings and water-colour pictures by distinguished amateurs, the Marchioness of Granby, Mr. Heathcote, Mr. Alfred Cooke, and others, whose works hold their own by the side of those of professional artists. These are offered for sale, together with any other objects, for the benefit of the charities named. The loan exhibition, which has been brought together with much labour by the ladies of the committee, comprises works belonging to Lady Brooke, Sir Henry Ponsonby, Lord Morley, Lord Ronald Gower, Colonel Lloyd Anstruther, and others; and the portraits are not only interesting from their grace and merit, but from the associations which surround the originals. By special desire, the exhibition will remain open on Saturday, but it is to be hoped that arrangements may be made to give even a wider publicity to such an interesting series of portraits.

The strike of dock labourers, seamen, and firemen at Hull is not yet terminated, but an effort in London to get up a strike at the Victoria Dock, preliminary to a general stoppage of loading and unloading cargoes at all the ports of Great Britain, has been abandoned, in compliance with the advice of Mr. Ben Tillett, Mr. John Burns, and the Dockers' Union, upon the ground that the loss of wages must deprive them of the means of assisting to support the strike at Hull. Another destructive fire took place at Hull on the night of Tuesday, May 2, in the premises of Messrs. C. Simpson and Co. (Limited), timber-yard and saw-mills, in Merrick Street, close to the docks and goods railway-station, not far from those of Messrs. J. A. Wade and Co., whose property was similarly destroyed on April 23, perhaps by incendiary hands. The sailors and Marines of the gun-boats stationed in the Humber aided to check the spread of the fire.

A shocking murder has been perpetrated at Gresford, in North Wales, between Wrexham and Chester. A young married lady, Mrs. Whittle, from Chorley, in Lancashire, staying in the village with a lady companion, was followed thither by George Shellard, a horse-dealer, formerly groom or coachman in the service of her parents. It seems to be proved that intimate relations existed between these persons, exciting the jealousy of her husband. Shellard, who was a middle-aged married man, went to Gresford, forced his way into the house, and killed Mrs. Whittle by shooting her and cutting her throat, after which he shot himself, and died in a short time.

In London, on Saturday evening, April 29, the suicide of Dr. Lombard Tanner, M.D., by an injection of morphia, at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, was an event which excited more attention two days later, at the inquest, when Dr. Charles Tanner, M.P. for Mid-Cork, brother of the deceased, gave evidence respecting his state of mind.

The German Emperor and Empress have arrived at Berlin on their return from Italy. His Majesty and the Imperial Chancellor Caprivi are said to contemplate an arrangement with the Centre party in the Reichstag for passing the Army Bills with very considerable reductions, making the proposed increase of the Army and of military expenditure not immediate but gradual from year to year.

The royal silver wedding festivities at Rome, mentioned last week, were followed by a grand display of the Italian Navy at Naples. The King and Queen of Italy, with the German Emperor and Empress, arrived at Naples on Thursday, April 27, and were enthusiastically welcomed in that city. Next day their Majesties, on board the ironclad war-ship Lepanto, reviewed the fleet in the Bay of Naples, and passed along the shore, by Pozzuoli, Cape Miseno, thence to the isle of Capri and Sorrento, landed and went to Herculaneum, returning in the evening to Naples. The German Emperor and Empress have also visited Spezia.

Some anxiety was felt in the capital cities of Continental Europe lest the public peace should be disturbed on May Day by a projected simultaneous demonstration of the advocates of "the claims of labour," with a general stoppage of work. But the day passed off quietly in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Brussels, and other cities, with only a few harmless processions, meetings, and speeches. The Belgian colliery strikes have almost subsided.

A local insurrection has broken out in the Spanish colonial island of Cuba; another in the Central American Spanish Republic of Nicaragua; and there has been some fighting in the southern province of Brazil, on the borders of Uruguay.

The plague of locusts has again swept over large territories of Algiers and Morocco; vast quantities of those insects have fallen in the Straits of Gibraltar.

Further disastrous storms in America, especially in the State of Missouri, have caused immense damage to property, and killed many persons. In the district of Oklahoma, a new settlement formed on land surrendered by the Indian Reserve, the loss of life on April 25 was reckoned at nearly one hundred men, women, and children, and five hundred were injured. Illinois and Wisconsin have also suffered from great storms.

The new Prime Minister of New Zealand, to succeed the late Mr. Ballance, is not Sir Robert Stout, but Mr. Richard John Seddon, while Mr. Joseph John Ward becomes Colonial Treasurer. Mr. Seddon, who is a Lancashire man, has been Minister of Works these two years past.

The banking crisis in Australia seems not yet over. The suspension of payment by the National Bank of Australasia is announced. The Commercial Bank, at Melbourne, reopened on May 1; but the Standard Bank, with £600,000 of Australian deposits and £273,000 in London, has suspended payment. The directors of the Australian

## OBITUARY.

## LORD DERAMORE.

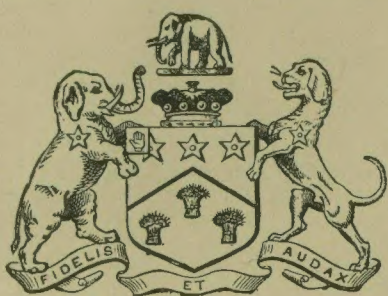
Sir George William de Yarburch



Bateson, of Belvoir Park, county Down, J.P., D.L., second Baron Deramore, and a baronet, died in Paris on April 29. He was born on April 2, 1823, and married May 8, 1862, Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Mr. George John Yarburch, of Heslington Hall, Yorkshire. He assumed the original surname of de Yarburch in 1876, and in 1892 the name of Bateson. He succeeded his brother, under special remainder, Dec. 1, 1890, and is succeeded in the barony by his eldest son, Robert Wilfrid, who was born in August 1865.

## LORD HAMPTON.

Sir John Slaney Pakington, of Hampton Levett, and of



Westwood, in the county of Worcester, J.P. and D.L., 2nd Baron Hampton, and a baronet, died at Norwood on April 27. He was the son of the first Baron, by Mary, daughter of Mr. Slaney of Shifnal, and was born July 13, 1826. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, graduating B.A. in 1847 and M.A. in 1865. He married, July 4, 1849, Lady Diana Boyle, daughter of George, fourth Earl of Glasgow. She died Jan. 1, 1877. He succeeded his father April 9, 1880, and is succeeded by his half-brother, the Hon. Herbert Perrott Murray, who was born in 1848.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Right Rev. James Francis Turner, D.D., who had been Bishop of Grafton and Armidale, New South Wales, for the last twenty-four years, on April 27.

General Prince Dondukoff Korsakoff, sometime Russian Governor of Bulgaria, on April 27.

Gustave Nadaud, a popular song-writer, aged seventy-three.

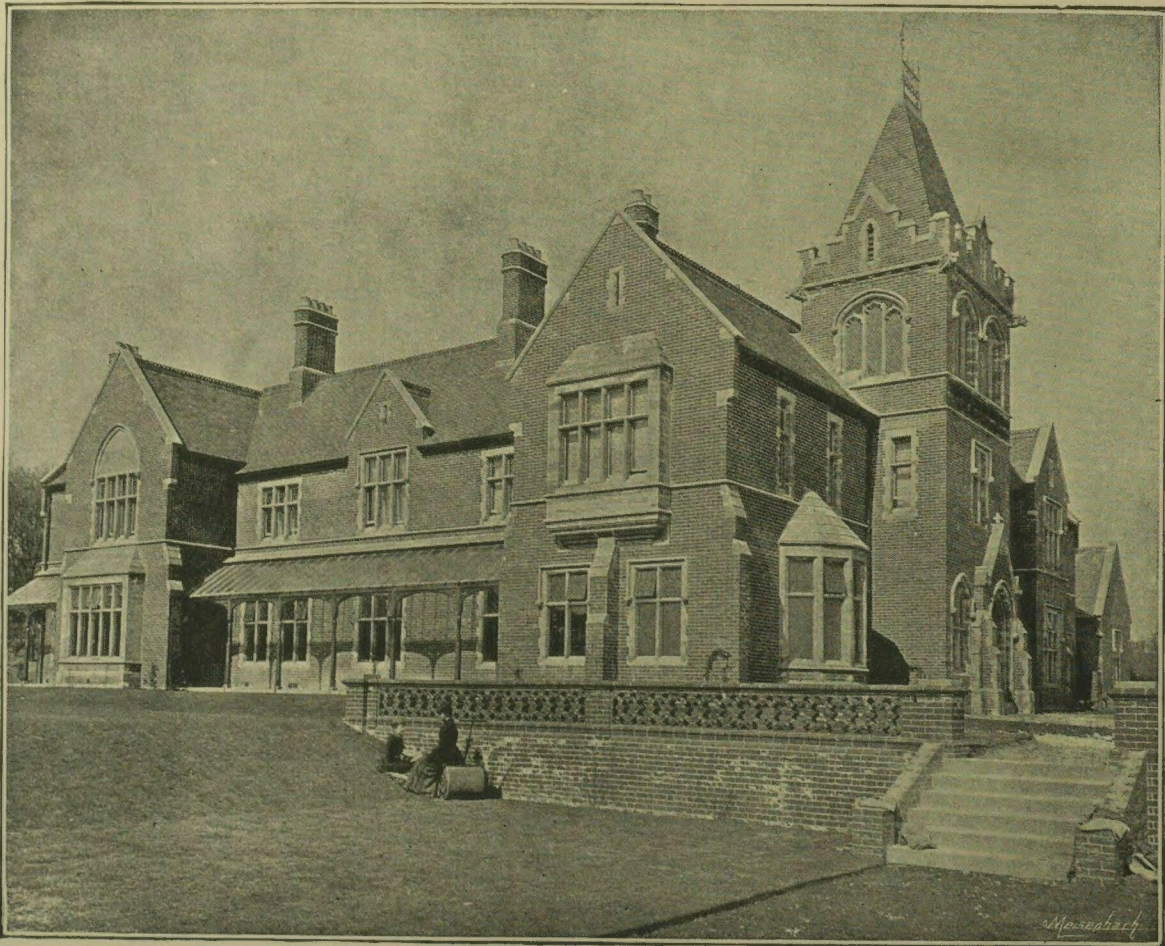
Mr. William Cotton Oswell, known as an African traveller and companion of Livingstone, on May 1, aged seventy-five.

Mr. William Gaussen, a well-known student of Russian literature, on April 28, aged thirty.

Mrs. Montagu, elder of the two daughters of the late Lieutenant-General Sir George Wood, K.C.B., of Ottershaw Park, Surrey, on April 17, aged eighty-one. She was widow of the Rev. Horatio Montagu, M.A., of Catherine Hall, Cambridge. Mrs. Montagu printed, for private circulation, a history of her family, the "Woods of Largo," and reprints of "Remarks on a Journey to the East Indies by way of Holland and Germany to Venice, thence by Alexandria, Grand Cairo, and Suez to Fort St. George, undertaken by Order of the Secret Committee of the Court of East India Directors in 1779." She has left issue—one son, Colonel Horace Montagu, and two daughters.

## THE FLETCHER CONVALESCENT HOME.

By the munificence of Mr. Benjamin Edgington Fletcher, of Marlingford Hall and of Norwich, who erected and furnished the new building, and, further, of the Earl of Leicester, President of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, who has given an endowment of £15,000, the Convalescent Home for patients of that hospital has been erected at Cromer. It was opened by the Countess of Leicester, on April 25, in the presence of a company including the Bishop of Norwich and the Dean of Norwich, the Mayor, Sheriff, and many citizens, and some of the county gentry and clergy. Mr. W. Cadge, chairman of the building committee, entertained them at luncheon in a marquee on the grounds. The healths of the Earl and Countess of Leicester and of Mr. Fletcher were toasted, with thanks to them for their gifts; also to Mr. Cadge and Mr. Henry Birkbeck, the treasurer, and to the late Mr. Bond-Cabell, donor of the site at Cromer. (Our view of the building is from a photograph by Mr. Albert Coe, of Norwich.)



THE FLETCHER CONVALESCENT HOME AT CROMER, FOR PATIENTS OF THE NORFOLK AND NORWICH HOSPITAL.

Joint Stock Bank have prepared a scheme of reconstruction. In the meantime, the Colonial Government of Victoria had proclaimed a five-days bank holiday, from May 1, with a view to easing the banks. It was disregarded by the Bank of Australasia, the Union Bank of Australia, and the Bank of New Zealand, which kept open as usual, while five other banks were closed. At Sydney and Adelaide there is little alarm or excitement.



## PERSONAL.

The judicial department of colonial administrative service has lost one of its useful members by the death of



THE LATE SIR ELLIOT BOVILL,  
Chief Justice of Singapore.

1879, Mr. Elliot Bovill was appointed Assistant Legal and Judicial Commissioner in Cyprus, where he was soon promoted to higher offices, and became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court there in March, 1883. He was knighted in the following year. He married, in 1876, Anna, younger daughter of the late Rev. J. Tahourdin White, D.D., Rector of St. Martin's, Ludgate; and has left a widow and three children. (The portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Deneulain, 147, Strand.)

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and the magnified personality of an Emperor who commands a million of "obedient bayonets"—and who demands 80,000 more—seems a trifle less oppressive when the "reisende Kaiser," stopping at Lucerne on his homeward journey from Italy, tells the Swiss President how "once before, in my early youth, I enjoyed the sight of your magnificent mountains and lakes." The German Emperor's parents were both gifted, in a high degree, with this pure delight in sublime and lovely natural scenery; and that his illustrious grandmother, our Queen, still exercises the talent of landscape sketching, which is shared by several of her daughters, is proved by our Illustration of her Majesty's pleasing occupation at the lake of Maiano, in Tuscany. Thousands of English and German tourists in the most beautiful districts of Europe will this summer indulge the same refined and elevated taste for the most innocent of pleasures, a pleasure nearly allied to that of high poetry, almost to the sentiment of true religion; and we note with sympathy the most recent expression of this feeling by the Emperor William II.

A diverting criticism of the Governor of Victoria comes to us from New Zealand. The Earl of Hopetoun has been making a tour in that colony, and has greatly scandalised one loyal print by riding in his shirt-sleeves and a slouched hat. No doubt Lord Hopetoun thought himself sometimes entitled, in his travels, to observe the simplicity of the ordinary horseman who suffers from the heat; but he is sternly reminded that "the representative of her Majesty" must never unbend in this fashion. "We are democratic enough, in all conscience," says the censor; but democracy in New Zealand cannot tolerate the spectacle of a Colonial Governor without his coat. Lord Hopetoun must remember that New Zealand expects to see him arrayed in a costume suitable to his official dignity, no matter what may be the temperature.

It is the custom of statesmen on quitting office to apply for pensions if they are in a position to affirm that their incomes are inadequate to sustain the dignity of ex-Cabinet Ministers. This has attracted the attention of that stern economist Mr. A. C. Morton, who has prepared a Bill for the abolition of political pensions except those already in existence. The present pensioner, whenever he receives his quarterly cheque, is to declare that his private means from all sources do not exceed £400 a year. It is highly probable that if this condition were exacted every ex-Minister now in receipt of a pension would have to relinquish it. Mr. Morton's economy is rather too drastic for these luxurious times, and his Bill is not likely to be adopted by the present Parliament.

The well-known popular novelist, Mr. H. Rider Haggard, is to be condoled with on the death of his father, a Norfolk



THE LATE MR. W. M. RIDER HAGGARD.

countryside who was a good magistrate and Chairman of Quarter Sessions for the county. Mr. William Meybohm Rider Haggard died on April 21 at Bradenham Hall, amid many expressions of regret and esteem. He was born at St. Petersburg in 1817, and until 1843 practised as a barrister. He took a leading part in all county business, and was a staunch Conservative. Mrs. Haggard, a lady of great talents, died about three years ago. There is a numerous family, of whom the eldest son is Mr. William

Haggard, British Minister in Ecuador, South America. (The portrait is from a photograph by Sawyer and Bird, Norwich.)

The debate on the Evicted Tenants Commission in the House of Lords was made historic by the appearance of Lord Clanricarde, whose visitations to that assembly are extremely rare. It was probably for this nobleman's special benefit that Lord Salisbury described the latest agrarian dispute in Ireland as a private quarrel which had no public interest. Lord Clanricarde does not speak, but he listens with grimly immovable face. Even when he heard himself described by Lord Londonderry as a very good landlord, as Irish landlords go, he exhibited no surprise. The debate in the Lords was rather flat, and a scanty audience scattered about the red benches seemed to be painfully convinced of the hopelessness of living up to that brilliant colour. The House of Lords is a very picturesque Chamber, but its usages must be a little startling to the visitor, who is deeply impressed by the dignity of the statues which are said to represent the signatories of Magna Charta. The Woolsack is a low settee on which the Lord Chancellor sits in an undignified attitude, and in the centre of the floor are red mattresses on which a peer occasionally lounges. Behind the Lord Chancellor is the Throne, and the visitor sees members from the House of Commons leaning carelessly on the brass rail, or even stretched on the steps, where they yawn without disguise.

The will of the late Marchioness of Westminster had been opposed before the Probate Court by a member of the family, but on Tuesday, May 2, all differences had been amicably settled, and Mr. Justice Barnes pronounced for the will and four codicils set up by Lady Theodosia Guest, the sole executrix and residuary legatee.

Captain Prestwich is about to present a very fine gold medal to the Formby Golf Club. This medal, which is of eighteen-carat gold, is not less remarkable for its size, being three and a half inches in diameter, and presents an imposing appearance, while the details are executed with rare artistic skill. The centre is occupied by an exceptionally well-drawn figure of a golfer, modelled in bold relief and with extreme accuracy. The border contains the



THE FORMBY GOLF CLUB MEDAL, 1893.

following inscription in raised letters: "Prestwich Medal. Formby Golf Club, 1893." It is manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co.

Madame Madeleine Lemaire and Mlle. Breslau, the two leading lady artists, if we except Rosa Bonheur, of the French art world, have taken their place on the jury of the second Paris Salon, founded, it will be remembered, some three years ago by Meissonier. Unlike the system pursued at the regular Salon at the Champ de Mars, every associate and member of the society takes his or her place on the jury according to alphabetical order, and those who belong to the fair sex suffer under no disabilities. Madame Madeleine Lemaire, who is the best known water-colourist on the Continent, is said to make a larger income than any other lady artist in the world. A member of a well-known family of painters and miniaturists, she was an exhibitor at the Salon at the age of fifteen, but her great reputation came many years later, owing, it is said, in no small measure to the admiration evinced for her work by such judges and collectors as Alexandre Dumas fils, and Charles Chaplin. The niece of Madame Herbelin, a lady whose miniatures have alone been considered worthy to take a place in the Luxembourg Gallery, Madeleine Lemaire's work is remarkable for its great delicacy and exquisite colouring. Although her specialty has always been flower-painting, she excels in depicting Watteau-like groups, and was commissioned to illustrate Halévy's "L'Abbé Constantin," for which she received 40,000f., the largest sum ever received by a woman illustrator. During a small exhibition afterwards held by the publishers of the drawings and water-colours made by her for the purpose, the sketches, sold singly, realised more than double the price paid to the artist. Madame Lemaire was one of the first to join Meissonier's new society, and is also a leading light at the Pastellists'.

Mlle. Breslau's name is familiar to all those acquainted with Marie Bashkirtseff's life and journal, for both the young Polish and Russian lady artists studied together at Julian's studio in the Passage des Panoramas, and Mlle. Breslau was at one time Marie's great rival, hence the constant mention of her in the latter's diary. Before Mlle. Breslau left the old Salon she was *hors concours*, and had received many distinctions and medals for her work. Her specialty is portrait-painting, and her style is vigorous and unconventional. She is a conscientious, painstaking artist, and mixes but little in Parisian society.

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

It is pleasant to see the cares of office sit lightly on the junior members of the Ministry. There is Sir Edward Grey, who astonished the House earlier in the Session by throwing over the Prime Minister on the Uganda question. He sits in Mr. Gladstone's place side by side with the Under-Secretary for the Home Office, who is listening attentively to Admiral Field. I do not venture to say what port the Admiral is making for, but there is an occasional lurch of the ship in the direction of reformatory schools. Presently the Under-Secretary rises and sets Sir Edward Grey an example of junior official decorum. He does not throw over Mr. Asquith. He argues suavely and patiently with the Admiral, who is wreathed with smiles, and punctuates Mr. Herbert Gladstone's sentences with nods and becks. It is an interesting spectacle, for there is no man in the House who devotes himself with such absorption to the public business as the gallant member for the Eastbourne Division. When he has the critic in front of him the Admiral dips his colours with unflagging courtesy, occasionally letting fly with a nine-pounder, just to show that he can be formidable if he pleases. But when Commander Bethell rises just behind him the Admiral is uneasy. Can it be that there is a friend about to rake him from the stern? The nodding goes on, but the smile is not there, and in a few moments the Admiral finds it necessary to rise and explain to his gallant friend that there is a trifling misunderstanding, and that if they are going to fly the same pennon they had better be quite sure what that desirable piece of bunting really is. For the rest, Admiral Field heels to port or to starboard with unwearied energy, and affords to strangers armed with opera-glasses a most agreeable example of the way in which the business of politics can be combined with a life on the ocean wave.

We are enjoying a comparative calm prior to the rise of those boisterous billows, the four or five hundred amendments to the Home Rule Bill. Mr. Bartley sits like *Zeus* about to loosen the winds which will lash the Parliamentary sea into furious storm. I am vaguely conscious that the nautical metaphor is getting a little mixed, but this is the effect of keeping an eye on the marine performances of the Admiral. We have had the mildest discussion of the Budget, including the inevitable amenities between Mr. Goschen and Sir William Harcourt. Mr. Goschen made a brilliant attack on Sir William's finance, as it was his duty so to do, quoth the Chancellor of the Exchequer with magnanimous politeness. The late Chancellor wanted to know what the deluded working classes would think of this Budget? Had they not been led to expect the abolition of the tea duty, and some Radical conjuring which would make the best cigars pay their proper share of the tobacco duty? Mr. Goschen quoted a "card" which, he said, had won many elections for the Liberal party by asserting that the bulk of the duty fell upon the poor man's "baccy." And now what had the poor man got? Nothing but the satisfaction of seeing another penny on the Income Tax—a "penny in the slot," as Mr. Goschen called it with a darkling humour much appreciated by the Opposition. It was grand to see Sir William's patient benignity under this assault. He blandly denied all knowledge of the "card." Would Mr. Goschen be good enough to favour him with a copy? "I speak by the card," he added—a spirited impromptu which cheered the spirits of his colleagues. Then came Mr. Courtney with a lecture on the death duties. Taxation, to be really effectual, must be brought home to the taxed. How could a man who was dead feel the succession duty on his property? The House looked a little blank at this proposition. Mr. Courtney is a financial authority, and he was well on in another department of his subject before his audience pulled themselves together, and reflected that the death duties are paid, not by the dead but by the living, who inherit their legacies minus a heavy percentage which goes to the national Exchequer. By the time this luminous idea had dawned on the House, Mr. Courtney was telling us that a "free breakfast table" would be a serious mistake, because it would relieve the poorer classes from a healthy participation in the taxes.

After this the Government had the satisfaction of hearing one of their Bills—a very little one—read a third time, and so the Railway Servants (Hours) Bill went its way to the House of Lords, a fluttering stranger in the presence of stern inquisitors who are in no mood to show grace to any work of this Ministry. A plunge into ocean penny postage (I feel the glittering eye of Eastbourne's Ancient Mariner is on me again) was refreshing but inconsequent. A penny post to the Antipodes is one of those things which we cannot have because there are obstacles. Sometimes it is the business of the Government to get the obstacles out of the way, and sometimes it is not. If this strikes you as rather unsatisfactory, roll yourself in a few thousand yards of red tape, and perhaps you will get an inkling of a great truth. There are men who, by sheer force of genius, make their own tape, and laugh the official article to scorn. I have already mentioned the fact that Mr. George Nathaniel Curzon disputed the composition of the Southport magistracy with Mr. Bryce. He returned to the charge with a peremptory energy which surprised even the Speaker whom he loftily rebuked for "interrupting" him. I foresee an endless vendetta between Mr. Curzon and the Chancellor of the Duchy. Years hence they will still be contesting the figures of the Southport Bench with unabated animation. Mr. Curzon is a much younger man than his antagonist, and when Mr. Bryce, in his ninetieth year and with his last breath, declares to the House that he is right, Mr. Curzon, then in a hale old age, will recapitulate the history of the controversy by way of a funeral oration over the body of the foe; and when the Speaker, a nonagenarian, remarks in a quavering voice, "This is altogether unusual," Mr. Curzon will turn upon him with a gesture of reproof, and say, "I was about to add, Sir, when you interrupted me, that the late Mr. Bryce, though an eminent Constitutional historian, was invariably and deliberately wrong about Southport." With this prospect in my mind's eye, what can I care about the contingent evacuation of Egypt?



## MUSIC.

Regard it from what standpoint we will, opera in this country cannot be pronounced upon a satisfactory footing. Even its very best phase, which we are about to see manifested for the space of some ten weeks at Covent Garden, is dependent for its brilliancy and success upon the whim of Society and the turn of fashion. It is a curious fact, but nevertheless beyond dispute, that the wealthy and aristocratic folks who will crowd the boxes and stalls of the Royal Opera House till the end of July are utterly indifferent to the best of the operatic entertainments given at the same theatre for half, and even less than half, the price at other periods of the year. A few of them, maybe, will turn up in town when Madame Melba is fulfilling a "star" engagement in the autumn, but for the rest the out-of-season performances must rely upon the not very reliable support of the general public. Our "only" impresario, as he may justly be called, must have had an interesting experience

these matters when the regular season now at hand is over and done with. Meanwhile, we have a notion that an autumn season from October to Christmas is really enough for the additional requirements of the London public. Somehow, opera and pantomime do not seem to go well in double harness.

In view of the facts here made evident, it is interesting to note the steady perseverance of our leading musical schools in the work of training youthful singers for the operatic stage. Surely it is pertinent to ask what sort of future there can be in store for these ready-made lyric artists? How many of them on an average can Sir Augustus Harris or the Carl Rosa Company take per annum? Yet thrice within as many months do we find the stage of the Lyceum Theatre occupied by the opera classes of the three great teaching academies, the last of the group, the Guildhall School of Music, giving a performance of Gounod's "Faust" on the afternoon of May 3. Putting aside, for obvious reasons, criticism of the actual work done, we should like to know the

Mlle. Frida Scotta duly made her public debut in England at Mr. Manns' benefit concert on April 29, and met with very considerable success. Her rendering of the Mendelssohn violin concerto revealed a delightful purity of tone and technique, accompanied by no slight charm of style, and, although wanting in warmth of feeling and variety of expression, it made so favourable an impression upon the crowded audience that Mlle. Scotta had to respond to a double recall. At the same concert Mlle. Clotilde Kleeberg made a successful rentrée in Beethoven's forth pianoforte concerto, and Miss Macintyre and Mr. Santley were the vocalists. More than once in the course of the afternoon Mr. Manns came in for an enthusiastic ovation.

## THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

On Monday, May 1, the whole party of Australian cricket players, recently arrived in England, with Mr. Victor Cohen, their manager, assembled at Mitcham, and began daily

H. Graham.

A. H. Jarvis.

W. Giffen.

W. Bruce.

V. Cohen.

R. McLeod.

G. Giffen.

C. T. B. Turner.

H. Trumble.



H. Trott.

S. E. Gregory.

A. Coningham.

J. M. Blackham.

J. J. Lyons.

A. Bannerman.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET-PLAYERS IN ENGLAND.

of the variability of temperament that London opera-goers are capable of during the twelve months just ended. The spring season at Drury Lane could have been spared with advantage. It yielded the revival of "La Juive" truly, but it also provoked some disagreeable remarks upon the deterioration of the ensemble, the incompetence of the orchestra, the hurried and unpolished preparation of certain operas, and the presence of certain stock artists, whose voices were sadly in need of rest. Doubtless, the excellent work done by the impresario at other times, and to which we shall shortly find him adding, would suffice to counterbalance far more serious blemishes than are to be associated with the recent undertaking at Drury Lane. On the other hand, he cannot, under any circumstances, afford to put up with disparaging criticisms, or suffer by comparison with the standard which he himself has more or less created. If he is to make opera all the year round a creditable and paying concern, it will only be by the aid of varied talent and extended repertory and a perfectly organised establishment with one good conductor at its head. There will be leisure to ponder

exact amount of good that was achieved either for the Guildhall School or those connected with it by the representation of a hackneyed opera wherein the students were perforce brought into direct comparison with the most distinguished artists of the day? If nothing was gained by the performance, still less benefit can have accrued from the study of a work of the description to which "Faust" belongs. Moreover, a hurried preparation in such case must simply be fatal to all interests. The Royal Academy and the Royal College have ere now devoted nearly a year to the rehearsal of operas far less lengthy and elaborate than Gounod's masterpiece, and at the end of that time have been conducted by the same musician that has from the first had the task of training the performers in his hands. This plan does not seem to have been imitated at the gigantic institution on the Victoria Embankment, at any rate in connection with the latest public exhibition of the operatic class. Whether the change will prove beneficial remains to be seen, as also does the wisdom of choosing a heavy modern opera instead of something either old and light or absolutely unfamiliar.

practice on the village green, preparatory to the first match for which they are engaged this season—namely, at Sheffield Park, on Monday, the 8th, against Lord Sheffield's eleven. Of these colonial representatives of the world-wide English game of cricket, ten have appeared here in former seasons. They are Mr. J. M. Blackham, the veteran wicket-keeper; Mr. Sidney E. Gregory, the champion fielder; Mr. C. T. B. Turner and Mr. George Giffen, most able bowlers; and Messrs. Alexander Bannerman, W. Bruce, A. H. Jarvis, J. J. Lyons, H. Trott, and H. Trumble, all well remembered in this country. Four players of high Australian reputation—Mr. R. McLeod, a tall man and powerful bowler; Mr. A. Coningham, a left-hander, with an uncommon degree of talent for bowling; Mr. W. Giffen, and the bold young batsman Henry Graham—have come to England as cricketers for the first time. They fully intend and expect to win many victories in the tented and wicketed field of glory. The English clubs must be very careful in the choice of elevens to meet such thoroughly efficient players as have been sent by Australia this year.



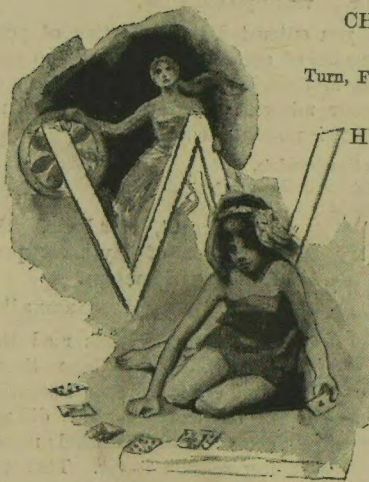
# THE REBEL. QUEEN

BY

WALTER BESANT.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy Wheel.



WHILE Francesca was thus receiving readmission to her own People, her mother at the same moment was experiencing a transformation no less startling. Anybody at any time might have told the girl that she was of Jewish descent: her mother might have confessed the perhaps laudable decep-

tion she had practised. This was a thing that might happen at any moment. But such an accident as now happened to this unfortunate lady was very much less likely. Such a thing can only happen in the case of one who has a blind confidence in her own security. "No one can get at my treasure," said Dives in a former age. "It lies in that wooden chest. Look at the thickness of the sides—look at the solidity; look at the strong clamps of iron that secure it, and the padlocks three which keep it shut." Then came along the crafty robber unexpected, with a little file—nothing but that—and alas! good Dives, where, on the morrow, was thy treasure? The modern Dives says, in these days: "My fortune is quite safe because it is all invested in shares of the Royal Bank of Bangkok." Alas! The Royal Bank of Bangkok explodes—where, dear Dives, is now thy fortune?

Madame Elveda was about to begin her morning's work. She opened her letters at ten, and at eleven her private secretary—a young lady who understood both shorthand and the type-writer—would arrive to take her part in the correspondence. The letters of the morning lay as usual in a pile upon the blotting-pad. Beside them were the proofs of her newest article, written for one of the most "thoughtful" of the reviews: it was that very remarkable paper which appeared this very year, in the January number, on "Some Minor Aspects of the Woman Question." People talked about it for a whole day and a half. They then forgot all about it, and that article is as if it never had been written, which is the way with every magazine article. Madame Elveda looked over her list of engagements for the day: one at noon, one at half-past twelve, three for luncheon, and a few "well-chosen words" to be said after that banquet, two more in the afternoon. Madame Elveda was not one of those people who can be crushed with the weight of engagements. She loved the swing and bustle of work. The Cause had a thousand and one branches. If engagements can prove anything, it was advancing by leaps and bounds. Every day more women of light and leading were questioning and arguing and coming in. At least, so it seemed to the Leader, as it always seems to everyone actively engaged in furthering any object. To make a racket is the first thing necessary; to keep it up, the second thing, and the third thing, and everything after. Madame Elveda, by means of her secretaries, her speeches, her articles, and her societies, kept up the racket continuously.

This morning, quite forgetting that pride goes before a fall, the High-Priestess of this great Cause lay back in her chair, reflecting upon her own greatness. She—and she alone—had been able to bring together all the various associations. She alone was able to keep the secretaries from flying at each other's throats. Everything promised well. Her own position was assured: she was a power in society—that is, in certain circles of society. Had she put her thoughts into words she might have said, "I am the leader of the greatest social revolution ever attempted. I shall become in history the woman who lifted her sex to equality absolute with man. Nothing greater has ever been achieved by any woman since the world began. I am the woman who is fated to overthrow the order that has reigned from time immemorial, in which man has been the master. No woman has ever yet risen to such greatness. What is a queen, an empress, a poet, a singer, an actress—a heroine—what is Helen of Troy—what is Cleopatra—what is Joan of Arc—beside such a woman?"

Then, such is the irony of fate, she began to think of the solidity and stability of her position. Her wealth was unbounded: her reputation assured. Her physical and mental health stronger than ever; she was still in the full strength of all her powers; at forty-three one does not even begin to think of decline. Her eyes fell with satisfaction upon the solid furniture of her library; upon her books in solid binding; upon her massive table; upon her massive chairs; upon the thick carpet and the heavy curtains; even upon her own dress, and her rings, and her chains of gold; and even upon the ponderous clock upon the mantelshelf, that ticked heavily and solidly. Everything together combined to impress upon her not unwilling mind the stability of her position. "O King, live for

ever!" cried the courtiers. Looking around him, on the solid pillars of his palace—Shushan possessed very solid structures—with the purple hangings, his own rich garments, the golden crown, the golden plates and cups, the solid mass of guards, the King—was it wonderful?—believed that he really was going to live for ever.

Every moralist has observed that those (happily) rare moments, when the soul is at perfect rest and tranquillity, and perfectly well satisfied with itself, and perfectly assured about its own future, portend impending misfortune. Hasten, at such times, my brethren, to avert this disaster. Throw a ring into the sea; give money to street beggars; subscribe to bogus charities; get rid of some of your vaulting vanity, your inordinate self-respect; acknowledge that you are a man, and therefore weak; a mortal, and therefore vulnerable; confess that your reviewer, yesterday a fool and a scoundrel, is to-day a Solomon—a Solomon come to the judgment seat. So far all are agreed. But there is another observation to be made. In

these times of perfect happiness there is always heard in the secret recesses of the brain a voice which whispers truths which one would gladly forget. Thus in this lady's brain a voice whispered low, but clear and distinct: "You are a great Leader of a great Cause. Do not forget that your money was made in bacon and pork and biscuit. Do not forget that you are not, as you pretend to be, a Spanish Moor but an apostate Jewess—a Jewess—for all the world to see!" And then she heard another voice—it was the voice of her husband—but stern, terrible, and it cried: "The Law of the Lord! The Law of the Lord! They shall be cast down who try to break the Law of the Lord!"

What followed was, no doubt, coincidence.

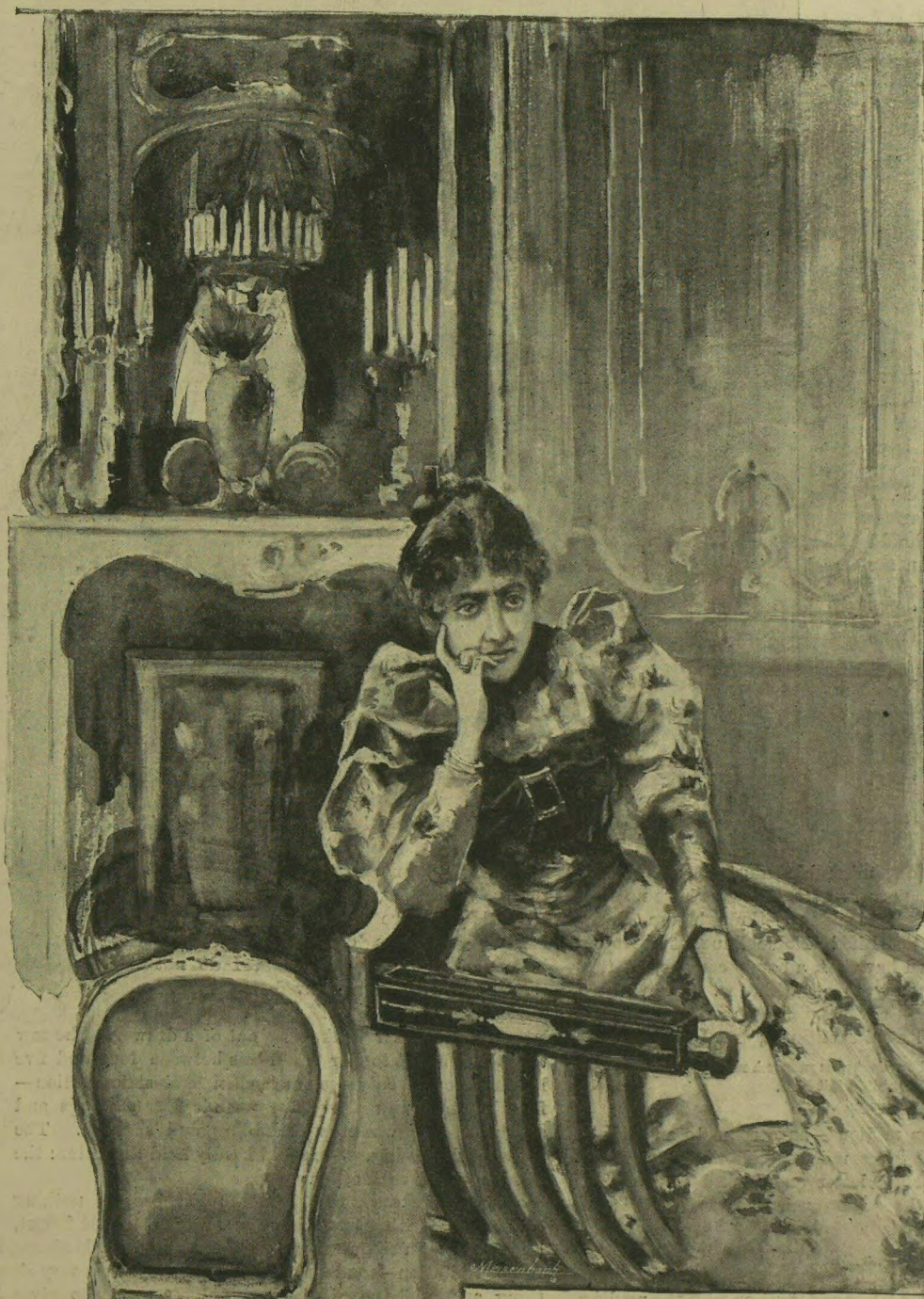
Among the letters lying before her was a large, official-looking letter with a French stamp and a post-mark of Paris. She picked it out from the rest, and opened it with a paper-knife.

It was headed, "Préfecture de Police. Directeur de la Sûreté Générale."

It was in French, as was also the document which it contained. Rendered into English the following were the contents of these two appalling letters:—

"Madame, — I have the honour to communicate to you a copy of a letter found on the table of the nommé Achille Desjardins, avoué, Rue Nouveau de Petits Champs. The writer was found dead in his room, killed by a pistol shot in the head. Receive, Madame, the assurance of my profound consideration, "BELLEAU, Commissaire de Police."

Achille Desjardins a suicide? Achille Desjardins dead? Killed by a pistol shot? Why, M. Achille Desjardins was her agent—her man of business. He had

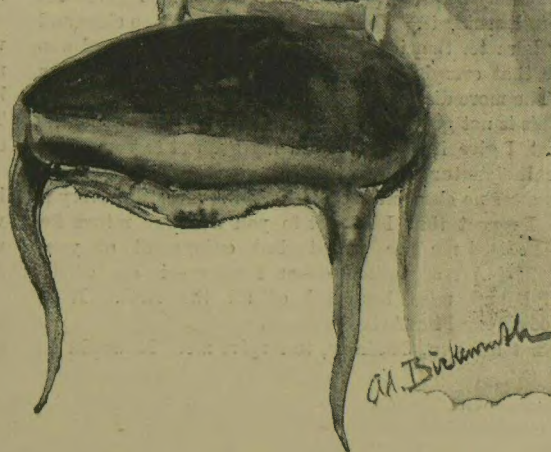


"I must give up this house," she said to herself. "I shall no longer be the Leader, with my great house and my great fortune. . . . It is all gone; I cannot continue."

been her agent for twenty years. He held all her papers; he collected her Rentes; he sent her money as she wanted it; he invested the great sums which every year accumulated over and above her spending powers. This man was dead.

A horrible cold shiver passed through and through her. She shivered in head and heart and limbs. What could this mean?

It could mean nothing. The man could neither sell anything of hers nor change any investment of hers: nor do anything at all with her property. Nothing could be done without her signature. And she never disturbed her investments, which were all in solid Stock. There was nothing to fear—nothing. But





she opened the enclosure with a beating heart and a pallid cheek. And this, also rendered into English, is what the unfortunate Madame Elveda found herself reading. This was the cynical confession of a Man of Pleasure as well as of Affairs—

"Madame,—It is a duty—a painful duty—that I owe to all my clients, and to you in especial, as by far the most important and the richest, to inform them—and you especially—that the whole of the funds entrusted to my management by them—and by you in especial—have totally vanished." Here Madame Elveda laid down the letter and looked around. The solidity of the furniture, and, above all, the size of the library table, seemed to reassure her, for she smiled incredulously and resumed the letter. "Have totally vanished." "Mine," she thought, "could not vanish, because my signature was wanting before anything could be touched"—"have totally vanished—have, in fact, been wholly lost, squandered, and gambled away." "Not mine," she said, "not mine." "Your very large fortune—quite the largest in France for a lady—has given me a great many years of pleasure and excitement. With forty or fifty million francs one can go on for a long time, even against persistent bad luck in operations on the Bourse. I may confess, to save further investigation—which would cost a great deal, and would reveal nothing but what any reasonable person would expect—that I was born with princely appetites and tastes, but without the means of gratifying them, until I was so fortunate as to win your confidence. Madame, that confidence has been rewarded by a respect for you, only to be measured by my colossal desires. You, and you alone—for my other clients are few and poor—have enabled me to gratify every taste that a man, still young, could form—

L'aurore de la vie  
Appartient aux Amours.

"I have cultivated the Parisian Art of Luxury with the resources of a Nero. It is impossible for me at this moment, which is so near my last, when Arithmetic would be an incongruous intruder, to calculate how many millions have been consecrated to my Pleasures. I can hardly expect that any lady would be able to understand the rapture of such a life as I have been enabled to spend. For my own part, in looking back, I tremble to think of the narrow and unsatisfied life I should have led had it not been for the unsuspected possession of your millions." "My millions!" repeated Madame Elveda, with a white face. "Possession of my millions!" "And at this, the last moment of my life, I look back with gratitude and satisfaction to the happy and exceptional chance of being able, for twenty years, to employ your millions to the gratification of my own tastes. How miserable must be the lot of those—there must be thousands of them—who have no such resources, and must needs look on—through the closed windows—at the Banquet of Life! Noble Banquet! Happy Life! For twenty years I have sat, a happy convive, at that feast. I have invited many to sit with me. I have been happy myself, and the cause of happiness in others. At last I rise against my will. I would continue; but I cannot—

Mais quand on n'est plus propre à rien,  
L'on se retire, et l'on fait bien.  
Bon soir, la compagnie.

"My resources—your millions—have come to an end. I have spent, Madame, all those millions. Nothing remains." Madame Elveda let fall the letter and looked round. The clear hard outlines of the solid furniture were blurred; the solid books in their golden rows were leaning against each other; the library table bent and groaned as she leaned her arm upon it; it was as if things were melting away. She shuddered, she took up the letter and went on with the reading, while her heart within her felt as cold as stone.

"In addition to the banquet, which occupied my evenings, I enjoyed, by means of your millions, the excitement all day long of speculation on the Bourse. Next to the banquet of feasting, singing, music, and love-making, I have loved gambling and speculating. Here follows the misfortune, the sole misfortune of my life. Although I have found the greatest pleasure in the game, a persistent ill-luck has followed me throughout. So much has this been the case that five or six years ago I clearly perceived what the end would be, unless I abandoned the pursuit. Alas! one can no more give up the Bourse than one can give up the bottle. The confirmed drunkard is no worse than the confirmed speculator, and one is as hopeless as the other. Had it not been for my impossibility

of retiring, I should be still sitting at that banquet a happy and contented guest; nay, I might have continued to sit there all my life, supposing, which was probably intended, your life would be longer than my own. I continued, therefore, to play on the Bourse. At last the game has come to an end. I have sold out all the rest of your stock—it was not much—and that is gone; all is gone. Let me go too, before I find out the misery of being a pauper, a bankrupt, and a detected criminal.

Morbleu! ma pipe s'est éteinte,  
Ne pleurez pas,  
Ne pleurez pas."

"He sold out. How could he sell out?" asked the unfortunate victim.

"One consideration consoles me as a loyal Frenchman. This money of yours, made by your grandfather the contractor, out of the British in the Peninsular War, by supplying the bacon which enabled those islanders to drive out our countrymen, has now, by my agency, been scattered in fertilising showers over the whole of Paris. The gold of the enemy has thus been made useful for the good of my countrymen.

"As for you, dear Madame, I fear that I can offer no consolation likely to be efficacious. You have

superfluous. First, because even among Christians, no one under the rank of Pope of Rome could forgive such an enormous injury as this—and you are not a Christian. Next because whether you do or do not forgive, I shall never know and never care, for a man with his brains blown out is beyond any desire for forgiveness, remorse, regrets, or anything. In the words of Voltaire—

Adieu, je vais en ce pays  
D'où ne revint point feu mon père.

"At this last moment, even, I doubt, whether I feel any remorse. No—I do not. What are your sufferings at losing your money compared with mine at having to leave that Banquet? They cannot be compared with mine. Alas!—

Adieu, panier, les vendanges sont faites.

Many years ago when you entrusted the collection of your *Ren'es* to a grave young *avoué* of correct *tenue*, you had no idea that he possessed ideas and desires which were capable of swallowing even all your millions. Had you only known! But I grow prolix. There is no more to say—

De ta tige détachée,  
Pauvre feuille desséchée,  
Où vas tu?

"Accept, Madame, the assurance of my most profound consideration.

"DESJARDINS."

Madame Elveda read this communication three times. And even at the termination of the third time she did not comprehend the whole meaning of the letter. That the whole of her fortune should be gone—lost—stolen—was incredible. As well might the Czar of Russia awake one morning to hear that the Caspian Sea and the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof had between them overrun all his Empire. One who has been always rich cannot realise quickly either that he may become poor or that he has become poor. The ruined spendthrift does not at first comprehend that he can no longer drink champagne and eat fat venison. Husks and crusts, peasen and beans, oat-cake and spring water must henceforth be his portion. But he cannot understand this for some time, and he goes on calling for champagne, until the waiters find out that he has no more money, and no one will bring him any more. Madame Elveda looked again about her room—her solid room, with its ponderous table, its massive chairs—its heavy book-shelves, its serious rows of books. The room breathed solidity, stability, permanence. Was this room, and all that therein stood, to vanish like a dream? She closed her eyes and thought of the solid house, crying aloud all through from attic to basement, that here, at least, was stability. Fortune might turn her wheel, but this room had no connection with that wheel. Fate might rain disaster upon other Houses—not on this. What estate so absolutely safe as one whose investments are all in Government Stock, and are never changed? One thing is always forgotten when a House so prides itself upon its stability. It is this simple, old-fashioned rule which connects human nature and property. Where riches are piled up, thieves always try to break in and steal. There are many ways. Formerly

they got in at the window and lifted the hearthstone, beneath which lay the treasure. Now they forge names and imitate handwriting.

Madame Elveda turned again to the official document. The writer, the Commissary of Police, told her plainly that the man Desjardins, her agent and man of business, was dead; he had committed suicide after writing that letter to her. Then what he said must be true. The robber had sealed his confession with his blood. There could be no doubt at all.

Yet something must be done. She might place the business in the hands of a solicitor, with the certainty that no good would result. If all the money was spent, and the forger dead, what was the good of a solicitor? But she must make certain, somehow, that the man's statement was true.

Madame Elveda was a strong woman, and a woman who in every earthly chance or stroke of fate involuntarily and immediately looked forward.

"I do not ask you, Madame, to forgive me. It would be



She got into her carriage—calm and cold as usual to outward show.

no money left, unless you have saved something, which is not likely, out of the amounts you have drawn. They were not large amounts, in comparison with the income at your disposal, and I do not think you can have saved anything." Madame Elveda again put down the letter and took her bank-book out of a drawer. She saw that the amount to her credit was between four and five hundred pounds only—so much, then, against destitution—four hundred and thirty-five pounds four shillings and sixpence. She was now trembling and shaking. The air seemed freezing. She could hardly hold the letter; the words ran into each other.

"You were quite safe, you thought, because nothing could be sold without your signature. Quite so. You forgot, however, that a signature may be imitated. Yes, Madame, the Art of Imitation—commonly called Forgery—is a very simple thing, and easily acquired by any clever man who gives his attention to learning it. Your own handwriting is so clear and so full of character that it is most easy to imitate. It is also so distinctive that everybody thinks he can recognise it at a glance. The more distinctive the hand, the more easy it is to forge. This is not generally known. As I have no further use for the fact, I give it to you. It is my bequest to you. The only difficult signatures are in that common weak handwriting which possesses no character or distinction. This discovery is my own. I repeat that I offer it to you as some return for having permitted me the undisturbed enjoyment of your millions. The Art of Imitation—or Forgery—is one of the most useful and most beautiful of all the Arts. It is, perhaps, of all the Fine Arts the finest.

(Continued on page 555.)



"I must give up this house," she said to herself. "I shall no longer be the Leader, with my great house and my great fortune. I can no longer be Leader. No longer Leader—no longer the Leader. It is all gone, I cannot continue. I may be consulted sometimes, I may be recognised, but I shall be no longer the Leader. What shall I be? Only a poverty-stricken widow; a person who has written a Book, if that means anything. I suppose they will not be able to take from me my Book. A person of no power and no consideration."

That Voice—it was her husband's—began again: "You have always loved Power above all earthly things. Because you tried to trample on the Law, you have been deprived of what you love the most. You must come down; you must follow—you who led."

"They cannot take the Past from me," she murmured, answering the Voice.

"The Past—your Past—it has been the breaking of a summer ripple on a granite rock; it has been the beating of the waters. You have accomplished nothing."

"The world knows what I have done."

"The world has no memory: the world forgets all except those who are fighting in the arena. You have yet to discover the colossal ingratitude of the world. Why, you will have no money. You have separated from your friends and your People; you have no friends: you have only acquaintances; when you are no longer rich and splendid, but only a shabby passenger on the road, which of your acquaintances will recognise you there?"

Madame Elveda roused herself. This kind of thing was maddening. She got up and rang her bell. She sent for her housekeeper. She said that she had received a letter which might oblige her to break up her establishment and to live abroad for some time: she wanted, therefore, a statement about her liabilities, in order to pay off everything at a moment's notice if necessary. She was pleased to find that practically there were no liabilities.

She dismissed the housekeeper. She then gave orders that no one was to be admitted: that she was not at home. She must at least be alone. Then she set herself resolutely to face the situation. One does this best, whether one writes a poem or calculates how long the money will last, with a sheet of paper and a pen.

"I have the long lease—seventy-five years to run—of this house," she said. "I might let it furnished, or I might sell the furniture, and let it unfurnished. The furniture, with all the books and pictures and things, cost a good deal. There is my own jewellery, and there are the few hundreds in the bank. There will remain, at any rate, a pittance—a pittance"—she laughed scornfully. "What can one do with a pittance?"

She was a strong and a masterful woman. For twenty years she had gone her own way in the world, alone and asking for neither help nor advice nor assistance. Yet she would have been alone among women had she not, at that moment, felt that she was friendless. There was but one man of all her friends to whom she could turn at such a moment: whom she could wholly trust as a friend—the man whom she had refused as a son-in-law. And in this disaster he could be of no use to her, of no use at all. Then she remembered the words of her cousin—not the hot-tempered man who told her to her face that, call herself what she might, the boys in the street would shout "Jewess" after her; but the soft-voiced, smooth-spoken man, the man with courteous manner, who most earnestly implored her to look into her affairs, spoke of rumours and reports, and offered, if she wanted advice, to give her such advice as might be in his power. He had also pointed out that in times of trouble the only person to help, putting aside paid agents, were the members of the family. Could she, after all that had been done, when she had separated herself from her family and from her faith, could she go to this cousin? Not to the other cousin, the man who had insulted her, not to him; but to this courteous man—the man of smooth speech, the man who had accepted the position without a protest. The man, apparently, knew something about her affairs. What did he know? Rumours? Reports? How much did he know? He had come to warn her, and she had neglected the warning. He must know something. Perhaps out of all this amazing mass of forgeries, something might be saved: when a great ship is broken up even the shattered planks are worth selling. This man must know something.

It was no time for considering pride and the bitterness of surrender. Madame Elveda made up her mind that her cousin was the only man who could advise at this juncture. She would go to him. "You are my cousin," she would say. "You offered to advise me if I ever wanted advice. Advise me now. You warned me to look into my affairs. I have neglected your advice; now read this letter and advise me. If you can help me or advise me, I shall be grateful." She remembered that in her safe lay a bundle of documents, some of them never disturbed since her marriage, among which was a schedule of all her investments. She ordered her carriage; she took out this bundle of documents, and she went to her room to put on her bonnet.

Then she remembered her daughter. "Poor Francesca!" she sighed. "It matters nothing now, whether she takes up the Cause or not. It would have been better for her had she married Harold."

She got into her carriage—calm and cold as usual to outward show.

"To Mortimer Street, Regent Street—Mr. Angelo's."

(To be continued.)

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.  
MAY 6, 1893.

Thick Edition . . . . . 3d.  
Thin Edition . . . . . 1½d.

Newspapers for abroad may be posted at any time, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

## CHESS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

NEMO (Peterborough).—There is no such rule. Some of the finest problems commence with both, but they are certainly exceptional.

C T BLANCHARD.—The play is very pretty, but the first move is too obvious. It is so apparent Black cannot be allowed to capture either Kt or R.

C BURNETT.—Apply to British Chess Company, Stroud, Gloucestershire.

E BARNISH (Rochdale).—The key move and the leading variation will suffice.

A A E (San Francisco).—We cannot give any analysis of the opening here, but the move is a bad one. It not only loses time but shuts up the K B.

G W CROSS (Baltham).—The game must be played again. The rule says the given Pawn must be the K B P.

T L BAILIE (Portmadoc).—We are much obliged, and will carefully play the game over.

S W SUTTON.—Thanks; it shall be examined.

J G D (Nottingham).—The continuation is 2. Q to Kt 4th (ch).

W P HIND.—Thanks.

E B SCHWANN.—Very good. It shall appear shortly.

F KELLNER (Leipzig).—We pointed out some weeks back that P to Q 4th prevents mate in No. 5. Shall be glad to hear from you.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 2544 AND 2545 received from O Balk (Yokohama); of No. 2546 to 2548 from W Allnutt (Richmond, Tasmania); of No. 2552 from H G Holch (New York); of No. 2553 from R. Syer (San Jose); of No. 2554 from F A Hollway (Grand Rapids, Mich.); of No. 2556 from J Ross (Whitley); of No. 2557 from Z Ingold, Frampton, J M K Lupton, James Wynn, and Amelia John (Parade de Gonta); of No. 2558 from E W Brook, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Nemo, A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), James Wynn, J M K Lupton, E G Boys, E Emmerton, Vi (Turkey), A S Horrex, and A H B.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2559 received from L Desanges, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), W R Raille, Sorrento (Dawlish), R W Giles, G Reynolds, J W Wright, A W Hamilton-Gell, R Worters (Canterbury), R H Brooks, J M K Lupton, J F Moon, A S Horrex, A Newman, James Wynn, jun., Charles Burnett, S W Sutton, M.D., Alpha, Julia Short (Exeter), T Roberts, E W Brook, W P Hind, Martin F T G (Ware), E E H, W R B (Plymouth), M Sharpe, G Joincey, M A Eyre (Folkestone), G T Hughes (Athy), H B Hurford, E Loudon, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), J D Tucker (Leeds), E G R (Tipperary), A H B, Dawn, Hereward, Joseph Willcock (Chester), H S Brandreth, M Burke, Shadforth, C T Fisher, F J Candy, T P Wilkinson, and C E Perugini.

### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2558.—By CHEVALIER DESANGES.

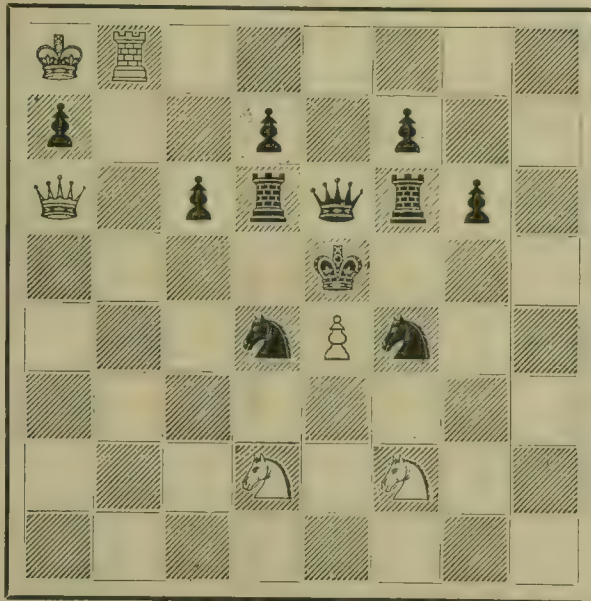
WHITE.  
1. R to Kt 4th  
2. Kt to Q 3rd (ch)  
3. B to K 3rd. Mate.

BLACK.  
Kt takes R  
K takes Kt

If Black play 1. Kt to K 6th (ch), then 2. K to B 5th (ch); 3. R takes Kt. Mate.

### PROBLEM No. 2561.

By H. F. L. MEYER.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

### CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Game played in the major tourney of the Scottish Chess Association between Sheriff SPENS, of Glasgow, and Mr. W. N. WALKER, of Dundee.

(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Sheriff S.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Sheriff S.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	24.	B takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	25. P takes B	Kt to B sq
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	26. B to K R 4th	Kt to R 2nd
4. P to Q B 3rd	P to B 3rd	27. P to Kt 4th	R to Q Kt sq
5. P to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	28. P to K B 4th	
6. Castles	Castles		
7. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 2nd		
8. B to B 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd		
9. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 3rd		
10. P to K R 3rd	R to K sq		
11. R to K sq	P to Q B 3rd		

The opening has been played with excellent judgment on both sides, and the position appears now to be quite equal.

12. B to K 3rd	Q to K 2nd		
13. Kt to Q R 3rd	B to Q 2nd		
14. Q to Q 2nd	B to B 2nd		
15. Q R to Q sq	Q R to Q sq		
16. P to Q 5th	P to Q B 4th		
17. P to B 4th	P to Kt 3rd		
18. Kt to Q Kt 5th	B to Kt 3rd		
19. Kt to B 3rd	K to R sq		
20. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to R 4th		
21. Kt to R 2nd	B to B 2nd		

Black apparently intends by this manoeuvre to make room for his K R at K sq at a later stage, but we think something better might be suggested.

22. B to Kt 5th

An excellent rejoinder, which compels Black to interpose the Kt.

23. Kt to Kt 3rd

P to K R 3rd

24. Kt to B 5th

This capital reply seems to yield a decided advantage to White.

### CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in Boston between Messrs. PILLSBURY and WALBRODT.

(Hampe Allgair.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. Kt to Q 5th	
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
3. P to K B 4th	P takes P		
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to Kt 4th		
5. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th		
6. Kt to Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd		
7. Kt takes B P	K takes Kt		
8. P to Q 4th	P to Q 3rd		
9. B to B 4th (ch)	K to K sq		

K to Kt 2nd is the usual defence, and we think better than that here adopted.

10. B takes B P	B to Kt 2nd		
11. B to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd		
12. Q to Q 2nd	Q to K 2nd		
13. Castles (Q R)			

White has played an admirable game, and has now a fine position. Both his Rooks are in action, while Black's are comparatively useless.

13.	P to Kt 6th		
14. Q R to K sq	B to Q 2nd		

16.	K to Q sq		
17. R takes Kt	B takes R		
18. R to K B sq	Q to Kt 2nd		
19. R takes B	Q to Kt 5th		
20. B takes P	Q takes K P		
21. B to K Kt 5th	K to B sq		
22. R to B 7th	Q to Kt 3rd		
23. Q to B 4th	P to Kt 4th		
24. R takes B	K takes R		
25. Q to Kt 4th (ch)	K to K sq		
26. Kt takes P (ch)	K to B sq		
27. Q to B 4th (ch), and wins.			

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Some years ago an event of much interest to the natural history world was chronicled in the records of zoology. This was the discovery in the pond of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, London, of a fresh-water medusa, or jelly-fish. The discovery was actually made in the tank which harbours the great *Victoria Regia*, and the interest attaching to the discovery arose from the fact that up to that time nobody had ever heard of a fresh-water medusa. The little jelly-fish was named *Limnocoelium*, and its development, as far as I can remember, was described as direct; in other words, the eggs it produced gave origin to other jelly-fishes like itself, no intervening stage in the way of any zoophyte stock being represented. This is the case, of course, with all true jelly-fishes, although, as many of my readers must be aware, there are many jelly-fishes found around our coasts in the summer seas which are merely the free-floating, reproductive buds of fixed rooted and plant-like zoophytes, whereof we get examples on every oyster-shell, and of which the dredge brings up countless specimens.

Mr. R. T. Günther has lately described another fresh-water jelly-fish, which lives in Lake Tanganyika. This latest addition to the list, it appears, was known to Dr. Boehm, who remarked on its presence, as also did another naturalist, probably from report, because no specimen, it is asserted, had ever come under his observation. Mr. Günther regards the new fresh-water medusa as distinct from the species which has made its home in the lily-pond in London. Its characters seem to indicate that it represents a family circle of its own; and, of course, naturalists will be eager to know more about it and about the manner in which its development takes place. There are one or two zoophytes known to occur in fresh water, so that, if this fact is to be taken as at all indicating a family feature of the group, we may not feel called upon to be so surprised that the jelly-fishes have now and then taken to fresh water in preference to the sea. I suspect that, after all, the question of acclimatising themselves to a change of life is not so difficult a matter for many animals as we are ordinarily given to suppose.

It has been my intention for some time to allude in these pages to a medical matter which of late days has been interesting a public far beyond the profession which practises the noble art of healing. This is the new cure for a disease known as myxœdema. This ailment appears to be characterised by an enlarged condition of the body, by a singular heavy and flabby state of face and extremities, by mental dulness, and by general failure of strength. Popularly regarded, I suppose, a case of myxœdema would appear to resemble dropsy in its general appearance. The ailment was formerly regarded as dangerous and as, in time, necessarily life-destroying; thanks, however, to the new cure which science has formulated (as a matter of inductive inference, by-the-way), it is now perfectly curable. The singular part of the affair is the fact that, as regards its causation, myxœdema seems to be associated with wasting or inefficiency of a certain gland, situated on each side of the windpipe, and named the thyroid gland. What this gland exactly did or effected in the economy, physiologists, up to within recent days, did not know; but it was suspected, at least, that, like the spleen and certain other ductless glands, it discharged some function or other connected with the elaboration of the blood.

It occurred to physicians that if myxœdema was associated with some affection of the thyroid gland, it might be advantageous to supply the place of that organ by the administration of the similar gland from an animal. The sheep lent itself to this idea, and the result of giving sheep's thyroid as food has been most gratifying in the way of cure. In place of the thyroid gland itself an extract is often given, this extract being prepared by chemists from the gland, and the extract is injected by the skin. I have just been inspecting a series of photographs showing the appearance of patients (women seem most liable to this affection) before and after treatment, and the results, not only as regards the appearance of the patients, but also as regards the permanence of the cure, have been most gratifying.

This singular cure, I have said, is founded on an exercise of inductive logic, that, if the disease be caused by some failure of duty on the part of the thyroid gland, it is a fair inference that a cure might be effected by supplying the missing property or quality. I take it that this is an excellent example of the progress scientific medicine has made of late days, and one cannot help contrasting with this procedure the often unsatisfactory methods of cure which Voltaire described as pouring drugs, of which people knew little, into a body, of which they knew infinitely less. The days of medical ignorance of the body and its ways are rapidly passing away, never to return, and there are, surely, no triumphs in science to be compared with those which have for their direct mission the relief of pain and the prolongation and happiness of human life.

In another and allied direction, I observe, medicine is making strides. Diabetes is a notably serious and fatal disease, and it has been of late days shown that in certain cases, at least, some deficiency on the part of the pancreas (or sweetbread) is responsible for the ailment. Hence the giving of the fresh sweetbread as food, or in the form of extract, has been said to relieve the symptoms of the ailment. Whether a complete cure can be effected in this way is, of course, matter for further investigation.

What is the sweetbread of an animal? is a question propounded by a medical journal in this connection. Butchers' anatomy is not always reliable, and it appears that the expensive sweetbread of the shops is the thymus gland of the calf's or lamb's neck, a gland which in ourselves is big in infancy, but grows smaller as life advances. This is the "throat bread" of the butcher. The true sweetbread, lying near the stomach, is ordinarily sold under that name, and is called the "belly sweetbread" in butchers' parlance. The office of the sweetbread in man is very important. Its juice is poured on the food along with the bile, and is the only fluid which can digest all kinds of food, nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous alike.

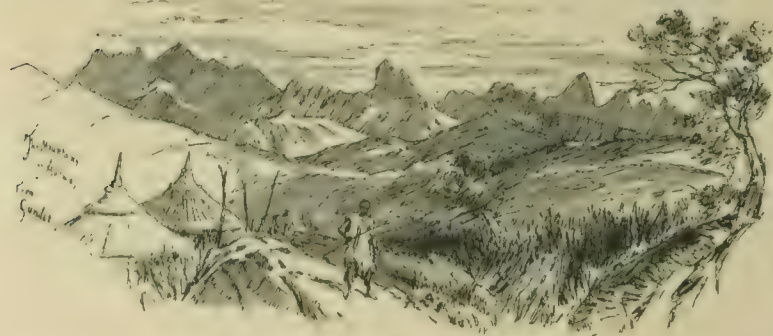


## IN THE NORTH OF ABYSSINIA.

BY J. THEODORE BENT.

Adowa, Abyssinia, Feb. 17, 1893.

After a delay of nearly a month, we at last received the grateful news that the war between the two chiefs in Tigré was at an end, and that the victorious chief, Ras Mangascia,



MOUNTAINS OF ADOWA, FROM GUNDET.

a son of the late King John, would send an escort to the frontier to convey us safely to Adowa, through the district which had become infested by brigands during the late troublous times. Scarcely anyone had been along this road for some time past, owing to the dangers, and we had numerous applications to join our caravan. Some Greeks who were going to trade in the interior, one of whom had lost two brothers at the hands of the brigands a few months before, begged leave to join us; also two Abyssinian priests who were returning from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and who begged us to put some tin bottles of Jordan water on our mules which they were taking home as a present to their prince; and before we reached the frontier, our caravan had swollen to the dimensions of a little army. We passed a few hours at a village called Addi Räs, or "the village of the prince," the special prince in question being Ras Alula, the now vanquished prince of the province of Tigré. In his day Ras Alula had done much for this village. It is renowned all the country round for a healing stream, where numbers of sick persons go from all parts of Abyssinia to cure their maladies. The church there, dedicated to St. Michael, had fallen into disrepair, and Ras Alula restored it out of his own pocket; hence the village took his name. Inside and out the church is decorated with quaint drawings, in which it is somewhat difficult to decide whether St. Michael or Ras Alula has been most honoured. The prince is depicted on horseback slaying a dervish and slaying a lion. He appears two or three times inside, in pictures illustrating the banquet and the opening of the church; also King Menelik is elaborately represented, and many other Abyssinian worthies. The bathing in the healing stream, which is just an ordinary spring rising in a nest of reeds outside the church precincts, takes place three times a day—early in the morning, at midday, and at sundown. We were there for the midday performance, and

many young ladies of our acquaintance would have been embarrassed.

Our way was due south along the high plateau of Abyssinia, and for three days nothing very special occurred to us. We then reached the rapid descent into the valley of the Mareb, after crossing which river we should be in the dominions of the Ethiopian Emperor. From the village of Addi Quala the views are wonderful—beneath us a precipitous and rocky descent into the deep gorges of the Mareb, beyond the fantastic peaks of the mountains of Adowa, which take forms as curious as the Dolomites, and which are a joy for ever, ever varying, over bewildering in their weirdness, like the strange country itself which we were about to enter. In the deep valley of the Mareb everything is tropical, huge pythons live in the rocks, monkeys chatter in the trees, and birds of gorgeous plumage are seen on every side. We had to wait for two nights at the village of Gundet until we received intelligence that the escort sent to meet us by Ras Mangascia would be at the Mareb by a certain hour.

Though exceedingly hot in our tent, we did not grudge the day of rest at Gundet, for we were somewhat tired after our long ride from Asmara, and the views from this spot in every direction were superb. The second morning we arose at three, and were in the saddle long before daybreak so as to avoid the great heat in the valley; luckily, there was a moon, and our progress, though slow, was interesting,



RUINS AT YEHA.

and the sunrise over the mountains of Adowa will always remain one of the most deeply impressive scenes that our eyes have ever witnessed. In the dry season the Mareb, which is a raging torrent after the rains, is absolutely dry, and our men had to go some way before they could obtain water. Indeed, on realising the condition of these Abyssinian rivers one can more easily understand the rapid rise of the Nile, of which the Mareb is a tributary,



THE CITY OF ADOWA.

wondered at the absence of modesty displayed by the dusky ladies, who unhesitatingly stripped themselves stark naked and permitted themselves to be soured with icy cold water before an audience which included, at the least, a score of the other sex. One young lady was, however, seized with a fit at the sight of the water, and lay writhing on the ground, possessed by a devil, the people told us. We could not help thinking that, under similar circumstances,

just after the rains have fallen in these mountainous regions. The Mareb has a bad reputation for crocodiles and other noxious beasts, but at the present moment the principal danger is from man. Bands of brigands live in these frontier mountains, and no humble, ventures without a suitable accompaniment. his namesake, gascia, a governor meet us with fifty charming little sure did his duty night that we spent near the Mareb he slept, but were on

It was very re-on the high ground breathe the fresh position the capital rivalled—a perfect lofty rugged rounds it. On the monastery, on the fortress, where are kept. The spoil at a distance church, which has instead of being formerly. It is dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and the Abyssinians were quite insulted when we gave preference to the other churches, and did not admire their cathedral as they wished. Within late years Adowa has fallen into a deplorable state of ruin. Wars, cholera, drought, have followed each other in rapid succession, and at every turn one sees ruined huts and devastation far and wide; even last year the only safe place was within the precincts of the church.



BRASS HAIR-COMB.



CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF HOLY TRINITY, ADOWA.



CHURCH OF THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD, ADOWA.

It was dangerous to walk as far as the flat space where the market is held every Saturday. Now, however, tranquillity is restored and prosperity will doubtless follow; but it is melancholy to look upon the wreck of what must have been a charming spot in prosperous times. The churches in Adowa are all large, and finished with great care; the paintings in them are far superior to any that we have yet seen; they have tall bell towers, and tombs which do more honour to the departed than the simple piles of stones elsewhere seen in Abyssinia.

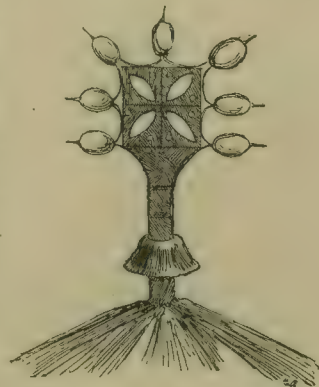
At one time this city of Adowa was the second capital of the kingdom, and was inferior only to Gondar in its buildings and riches. King John used to reside here a great part of the year, but his palace is ruined and abandoned. Ras Alula also lived here a great deal and has still two huts, one of which has a very smart ceiling decorated with red, white, and blue silk, interlaced

through the bamboos; but Ras Mangascia has taken up his abode at a place called Makallé, about four days distant from Adowa; and the glory is rapidly departing from the older capital. Ras Mangascia's brother, another son of King John, is Governor of Adowa. He received us very graciously, and spokemetaphorically of the late war with Ras Alula as the devil, liable to come up like a flame of sulphur at any moment, and the only safeguard against him was to put crosses on the doors. He is very like his father, King John, and, like all the royal family of Abyssinia, much lighter in colour than the people. On our second visit to him we unfortunately chose the hour of feeding

on the first day of Lent. During the long fast the Abyssinians eat but once in the twenty-four hours, about an hour before sundown, partaking only of bread and sauces made of oil and red pepper. The Governor was seated in a tent with about fifty followers, all hard at work. I am sure we disturbed their peace of mind greatly, but they did not show it, and allowed us to look on until the meal was over; then all rushed to assist the Governor in washing his hands, over which water was poured, and everyone was anxious to have his garment honoured by being used as a towel or a pocket-handkerchief. On intimating secretly to the Governor that we had brought him a present, he quickly dispatched his followers, and came to great grief in trying not to look excited and pleased when he saw the things we had brought him. We have been the victims of endless visits since we came to Adowa. I think it is far more out of love for some absinthe which we have than for us that they call so constantly. We have two kinds of absinthe, one good and one bad; a bottle of each on the table, and we offer the good to the big men and the bad to the little men without feeling the smallest compunction. The arch-priest called, accompanied by a humble priest; the former was given to drink out of the good bottle, the latter out of the bad, and both were satisfied.

We have just returned from an expedition of three days to some ruins in the mountains about twelve miles from Adowa, at a village called Yeha; the road led us through deep valleys, once cultivated in terraces almost up to the summit of the mountains, but now almost abandoned.

The ruins were a great success, surprising both to ourselves and everybody else. They are the remains of an old Himyaritic temple, which we identified by several inscriptions, throwing a flood of light on the history of ancient



PINNACLE DECORATED WITH OSTRICH EGGS.



TOMB OF ABOUNA KYRILOS, ADOWA.

Abyssinia and its connection with the Arabian peninsula. In a few days we hope to proceed to the ancient capital of Abyssinia, Axum—a city of sanctuary, and more under the rule of the monk than of the prince.



# SOMETHING ABOUT TEA.

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To-day it is the beverage of all. Even only twenty years ago Tea cost the Consumer twice what

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RECEIVING CHESTS OF TEA FROM THE DOCKS.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 9, 1890), with a codicil (dated Feb. 27, 1891), of Mr. Thomas Lovick, late of 53, Queen's Crescent, Haverstock Hill, who died on March 12, was proved on April 24 by Miss Ellen Lovick, the sister, Charles Seaton Pemberton, and Busick Edmonds Pemberton, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £52,000. The testator gives his leasehold residence, 52, Queen's Crescent, and the contents to his sister Ellen; and £100 each to his executors, Mr. C. S. Pemberton and Mr. B. E. Pemberton, and his friend Mr. Richard Tuck. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, as to the income, to pay three fourths to his sister Ellen and one fourth to his sister Anne, and on the death of one, the whole to the survivor; and as to the capital, as the survivor of his said sisters shall by will appoint. In default of such appointment, and so far as any such appointment shall not extend, the residue is to be held, upon further trusts, for such objects of benevolence and liberality as his trustees in their uncontrolled discretion shall most approve.

The will (dated Sept. 3, 1884) of Mr. Samuel Hollins, late of The Towers, Beckford, Gloucestershire, who died on Jan. 23, was proved on March 30 by Miss Alice Mary Hollins and Miss Kate Hollins, the daughters, the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £36,000. The testator makes some specific gifts to each of his said daughters, and leaves the residue of his property to be equally divided between them.

The will (dated Nov. 1, 1889) of Mr. George Thomas Rose, late of 24, Rosary Gardens, South Kensington, who died on March 2, was proved on April 15 by Miss Eliza Rose, the sister, George Daniel Rose, the nephew, and Thomas Rawle, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £32,000. There are numerous legacies to relatives and others, and the residue of his real and personal estate the testator leaves to his said sister, Eliza, for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated Aug. 30, 1888) of Mrs. Maria Billington, late of Kennington, Kent, who died on Nov. 8, was proved on April 14 by John Wyndham Billington and George Moyle Billington, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £30,000. The testatrix leaves £5000 to her son John Wyndham; £4000 to her son George Moyle; £3000, all her jewellery and wearing apparel and such of her plate, furniture, and effects as she shall select to her daughter Emily; the remainder of her furniture and effects to her said two sons; an annuity of £50 each to her niece and nephew, Maria and Harry Whiteford; her residence at Kennington, with some land, and Triton field to her daughter for life. At her daughter's death all her real estate in the parish of Kennington to her son George Moyle, for life, and then to such of his children (not being of the Roman Catholic faith) as he may appoint; all her real estate in the county of Kent (except in the parish of Kennington) to her son John

Wyndham; and some land at New Romney and in the parish of Ebony to her daughter. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her three children.

The will (dated July 26, 1886) of Mrs. Anne Catherine Barnes, widow of the Rev. Richard William Barnes, Vicar of Probus, Cornwall, and Prebendary of Exeter Cathedral, late of 5, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Feb. 2, was proved on April 13 by Charles Cotsford Bowlby and Lieutenant-Colonel Pulteney Edward Bowlby, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £19,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 Three per Cent. Consolidated Stock each to the five children of her sister Mrs. Frances Marion Bowlby and the three children of her half-sister, Mrs. Margaret Bowlby; an annuity of £100 to her sister Mrs. Caroline Mary Grant; and legacies to other of her relatives and others. The residue of her property she gives to her sister Mrs. Frances Marion Bowlby.

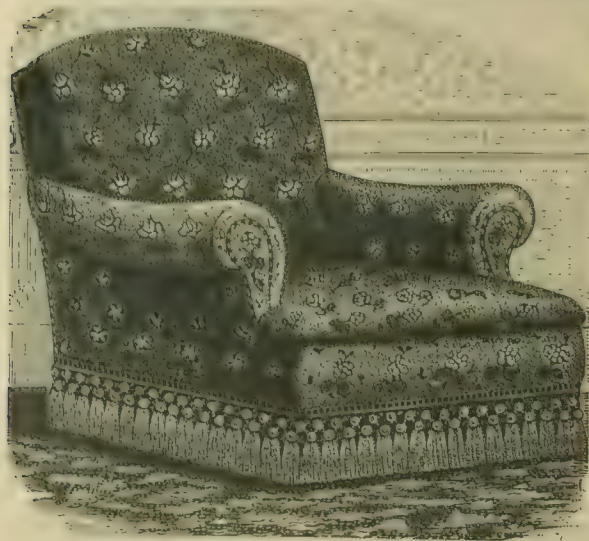
The will (dated Sept. 5, 1892) of Colonel Francis Augustus Fane, late of Fulbeck Hall, Lincolnshire, who died on Feb. 1, was proved on April 15 by Mrs. Augusta Fane, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £19,000. Subject to two or three legacies, the testator gives all his real and personal estate to his wife.

The will (dated Nov. 26, 1877), with two codicils (dated Jan. 16, 1883, and Sept. 20, 1892), of Sir Charles Clifford, Bart., late of 51, Cromwell Houses, who died on Feb. 27, was proved on April 20 by Sir George Hugh Charles Clifford, Bart., and Charles William Clifford, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £18,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to be invested and the income paid to the priest for the time being of the Catholic church of Clifford, near Tadcaster, for the purpose of keeping in repair the family vault under the said church; his library of books, family portraits and pictures, and the bust of his father, to his wife, Dame Mary Anne Clifford, for life, and then to his son, George Hugh Charles; £1000 and the remainder of his furniture and effects to his wife; an annuity of £1000 to his wife, and a further £500 per annum if he has not provided for her a permanent residence for the remainder of her life; and £5000 to his daughter, Mrs. Mary Moore. As to the Flaxbourne estate, New Zealand, he gives one fourth to his son George Hugh Charles, and three fourths between his sons Walter Lovelace, Charles William, and Francis Charles; all his other real estate in New Zealand he gives to his son George Hugh Charles. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one moiety to his son George Hugh Charles, and the other moiety between his said three younger sons.

The will of Mr. Charles James Turner, late of Pinkhurst, in the parish of Staplegrave, Somersetshire, who died on Feb. 20, was proved on April 12 by Henry Gribble Turner, the son, and William Poole, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9845.

## RECENT MUSIC.

There are items that no publisher's catalogue should be without: among them, at the present moment, is a musical setting of "Crossing the Bar." Dr. Bridge did it splendidly, and his setting received its immortality in Westminster Abbey on the day of Tennyson's funeral; Cellier did it wretchedly, and his clap-trap was to be heard for a mercifully short period at the Tivoli. Now Mr. Lawrence Kellie has published, with Messrs. Cocks and Co., a setting which is at least respectful and respectable; and Mr. Fraser Sutherland (with Messrs. Methven and Simpson) a more artificial, but still a well-intentioned rendering. Another tribute to Tennyson is Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's setting of the lullaby in "Sea-Dreams," "What does little birdie say?" (Novello). It is, of course, musicianly and melodious, though its melody would scarcely answer the primary purpose of a lullaby—that of sending a baby to sleep. In another Tennyson song, "I shall have had my day," by A. H. Behrend (Boosey and Co.), there is a note of real passion, matching the passionate reality of the words—a rare quality to find in settings after great masters. We find the same quality in "Two Songs of Browning," by Rudolf Liebig (J. and J. Hopkinson). The two songs are "Nay, but you who do not love her" and "Such a starved bank of moss." Both are excellent, but the latter is a genuine interpretation, a transposition into another art of precisely the feeling and form of Browning's wonderful little song. The same song has been set, not so well, but sympathetically, by Miss Mary E. Nicholson (B. Williams). The lovely verses of Victor Hugo, "Autre Chanson," from "Les Chants du Crépuscule," have been very charmingly set to music by Christiana Thompson (Charles Woolhouse). The music is as fresh and dewy as the words. We do not understand, however, why the third stanza has been omitted, or why the line "Et mon cœur dit: je suis l'amour!" has been altered to "Et moi je dis: je suis l'amour!" Another song of Victor Hugo, "La Captive," from "Les Orientales," set to music by A. Goring Thomas, reaches us from Metzler and Co. It is very interesting, very effective in its acute Eastern monotony. Two songs by Mr. Austin Dobson—a very singable poet—have been put to music, "The Milkmaid," by Christiana Thompson (Woolhouse), "The Child Musician," by A. H. Behrend (Boosey). Both composers have caught the spirit of their words; both songs are clear, simple, quaint, melodious. Mr. R. W. Gilder's piquant and delightful song, "Where's Polly?" has been put to music in the most piquant and delightful way by Mr. Theo. Marzials (Boosey). It is a bright, whimsical song, equally admirable from the point of view of the musician and the point of view of the drawing-room. So much can scarcely be said for Miss Liza Lehmann's "Dewy Garlands" (G. Ricordi), which, although the words were once Greek and are now by Mr. Andrew Lang, is a little dry. Miss Maude Valérie White, another really accomplished musician, has also contrived to be rather dry in her very elaborate setting (G. Ricordi) of a poem of Miss Blind, one of the songs named "Love in exile." Mr. Farquharson Walenn

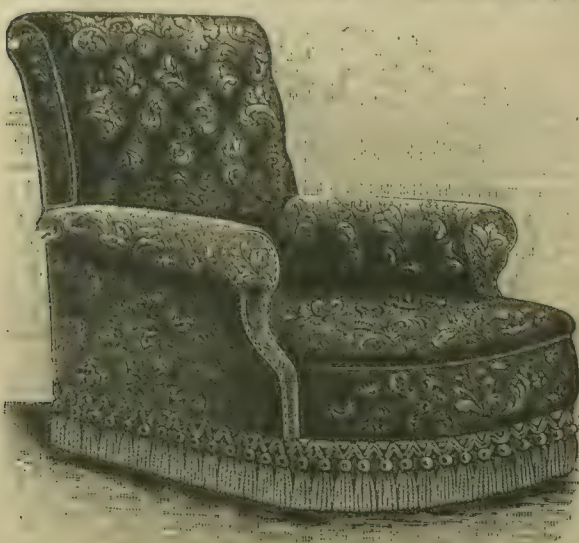


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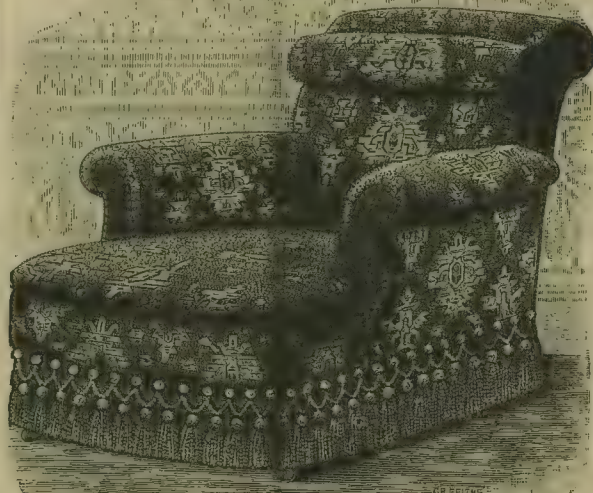
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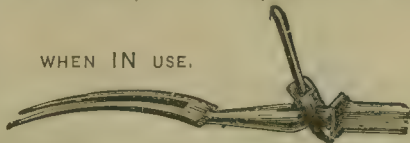
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has been very successful in giving voice to Kingsley's delicious little song of a doll, "For old sake's sake" (C. Barth and Co.). The music is tuneful, and it is touched with just the right kind of quite serious emotion, the real child's feeling for the doll. His other Kingsley song, "When all the world is young," has scarcely the same appropriateness and charm, and is not nearly so good as the better known version of the words. Much more justice has been done to the newest country poet, Mr. Norman Gale, in "Three Songs" from "A Country Muse," by Thomas Ely (Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.). The words are good to sing, and the tunes sing well. Mr. Gerard P. Cobb has chosen wisely in making an experiment upon Mr. Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads"; and in "Fuzzy-Wuzzey," "Route Marchin'," and "Soldier, Soldier" (Sheard and Co.) he has produced some admirable songs, with the proper Kipling staccato and the proper Kipling swing. They have a soldierly note, they beat to good marching order, and there is a sort of quaint jollity about them which is just as it should be. A very different poem of Mr. Kipling, "The Love-Song of Har Dyal," has also been set to music, curiously, somewhat hauntingly, by Mrs. George Batten (Metzler). As a contrast to Rudyard Kipling, we have a song of Oscar Wilde, "Oh! beautiful star," which has been effectively set by Lawrence Kellie (Cocks and Co.).

From Italy some of the now inevitable Mascagni comes to us—five "Songs and Romances" (Bosworth and Co.), and "Sintomi d'Amore" and "Allora ed Ora" (Ascherberg). Everything that Mascagni writes is interesting, attractive, and in an individual way—a curious fondness for certain notes, for difficult, piercing elevations of the voice, for certain repetitions. "Thou art my life," by Angelo Mascheroni (R. Cocks and Co.), is characteristically Italian, but a little monotonous in its raptures. "A River Song" (G. Ricordi) and "Flower of my Soul" (Boosey), by L. Denza, are both in that clever composer's usual manner; the former, with its liquid, silvery accompaniment, is particularly charming. Two songs by Tito Mattei, "For the sake of the past" (Chappell) and "To be my love" (Cocks), are again after a familiar pattern, but, despite the extremely poor words of the second, they are brilliantly effective, with a certain genuineness of sentiment. Paolo Tosti's "Why beatest so, O heart?" (Chappell)—it is not the composer's fault that the title sounds like a pun on Soho—is very melodious and prettily mournful. In the old English line, Mr. Arthur Somervell's setting of the lovely Elizabethan song, "Love me not for comely grace" (Chappell), may be cordially commended for its solid and simple qualities of charm. To turn from this to the modern Irish variety is, in its way, instructive. "Biddy Aroo" (Boosey) has been arranged, and very well arranged, by Mr. Fuller Maitland; "Oh! sweet were the peat stacks" (Chappell), a song by the Marquis of Lorne, set by Caroline Bigge, is Irish enough in its jiggish way; Hope Temple has made a successful experiment in "Rory Darlin'" (Boosey); and "St. Patrick's Parliament" (Novello), the words by Warham St. Leger, the music by Charles Salaman, tries to be funny without exactly succeeding. "Bonny baby Allington" (Paterson and Son), by Mr. William Black, set by Alfred Stella, is

very Scotch, and, if reminiscent, not too emphatically so—scarcely so reminiscent as "The Green Isle of Erin," by Joseph Roeckel (Patey and Willis), which, however, like "An Eastern Lament" (R. Cocks), is distinctly well written. The latter has something of the poignant monotony of Eastern music, a characteristic which it shares with Mr. F. H. Cowen's "Onaway, awake, beloved!" (Metzler)—a striking setting of some lines from "Hiawatha." Two other songs by Mr. Cowen, "The Light of Stars" (Metzler) and "The Silent Chimes" (R. Cocks) are also good, the former in particular; the latter is a little too much after the order of "The Lost Chord," which by this time has, at all events, lost novelty. "We were to meet" (Alfred Hays), by Gustave Michiels, words by the industrious Mr. Clifton Bingham, is a very clever little song, ingenious and attractive as to its words, attractive and tuneful as to its melody. "Though we are parted" (Chappell), by Cotsford Dick, is somewhat disappointing on the part of so clever a composer; "Nobody" (Duff and Stewart), by A. H. Behrend, with words by Clifton Bingham, is distinctly pretty and popular; "Old Bude Haven" (Kay and Co.), by Merton Clark, has a certain charm, a really vocal quality; "The Dream of a Star" (Boosey), by Walter Slaughter, is well written, despite its sentimentality; and a very different sort of dreaming is rendered with a good ballad swing in "Two Dreams" (Duff and Stewart), by Henri Logé, who publishes with Robert Cocks a still better song, "The Silent Ferry," haunting in its melody as a Neapolitan popular tune. "The Time of Roses," by Hervé (Metzler and Co.), is rather commonplace; "All in all to Thee" (R. Cocks), by Henry J. Edwards, clever, but not exactly entertaining; "What I would be," by Ivan Caryll (Boosey), not exactly interesting, while the same composer's "Little Dutchee" is very pretty, odd, and quaint, just matching Mr. Weatherly's droll words. Of Mr. J. L. Molloy's two songs, "The Carnival" and "The Foot of the Hill" (Boosey), the former is rather empty, the latter bright and attractive. Two admirable arrangements by Mary Carmichael are "Ago," from Boyce's Anacreon, and Galliard's "With Early Horn" (R. Cocks). "Marguerite Marigold" has set some trivial verses by Mr. W. H. Pollock rather prettily in "My will is gone to sleep, dear" (Novello). Mr. Van Biehn's "Love me for ever" (Ascherberg), a song of kisses, has a fine swinging rhythm; and "The Gondolier's Serenade," by Leonard Barnes (W. Morley and Co.), goes with the swing and snap of a mandoline. "By the Crystal Sea," by W. H. Jude, words by Christabel (Wickins and Co.), is in the usual Christabel style, sentimental, pretty in a way, distinctly old-fashioned; "Lady Betty" (J. Williams), by Lionel Elliott, is very ordinary; "You called to me," by Hope Temple, (Boosey and Co.), is of the drawing-room for the drawing-room, but less florid and showy than Blumenthal's "Hope and Trust" (Patey and Willis), which is very Italian. "Three Songs," by Franz Behr (Alphonse Carey), are of fair merit; one of them tries, not quite successfully, to catch the Spanish note. "Five Songs," by Rosa Barton (C. Jeffreys), are slight, but, in their way, pretty. We have also received two vocal albums, from Messrs. Ascherberg and Metzler, containing songs that range from Planquette to Sir Julius Benedict.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It is with pleasure that I hear from all the best dress-makers whom I "interview" that the extreme width of skirts which some have tried to introduce is not being taken up by wearers. "Ladies will not have their dresses very wide" is the story everywhere. The bell shape, it is true, is universal, and an appearance of additional width is often given to these without adding to the size of the actual under-skirt by means of a full flounce put on at about the knees. But the skirts eleven, twelve, and even fifteen yards round that were put on show at the beginning of the season, some weeks ago, have not found wearers, though in the light materials now available they would be comparatively endurable. Skirts gores as they should be to the bell shape look wider than they are, and five yards round seems to be the maximum of what is actually being worn. Narrow little frills are a means of giving the fashionable appearance of width and gradually increasing distension to the skirts without adding perceptibly to their cumbrousness or weight.

The dress at those most fashionable functions—the Private Views of the Academy and the New Gallery—bore out the above-cited dressmakers' dictum on these matters. The warm weather had resulted in bringing out even more than usual on these occasions the early spring fashions, and though every fashionable woman's outline was distinctly that of the inevitable bell, yet there was no exaggeration, and there was positively no trace of the crinoline! A well-dressed woman, indeed, whatever the fashion, will never allow it to obscure her own figure altogether, and will preserve a just medium between the style of the moment and that suitable and elegant for herself. Never was the necessity for this restraint more decisive than it is at present, when the fashions are such as would more readily lend themselves to exaggeration than any of recent years. But the cardinal note of vulgarity is to be startling, and in the women of high position who came to the great Private Views there was an evident restriction of the vagaries of fashion by individual judgment. The Duchess of Westminster in her simple black robe slightly relieved by heliotrope, the Duchess of Cleveland in the plainest black with feather boa, and Lady Burdett-Coutts in bronze green, were among the simplest-dressed ladies there. Mrs. Gladstone makes neglect of the mode almost a specialty, so that her long black velvet coat, in the style of make of ten years ago and fur-trimmed, is not to be mentioned in connection with fashion. Lady Salisbury, again, is always simply attired, and her bronze dress was very plain and straight.

Lady Coleridge was, as usual, one of the most charming figures. Her dress was trimmed in an entirely new fashion, near the top of the skirt, with a flounce, headed by a series of rosettes. That is the way of the leaders of fashion: no sooner have they settled in our humble minds that a particular style is "the thing," than off they go and invent something entirely new! Thus it is that several of these Academy gowns were trimmed near the hips, and not at the foot at all. Flounces—yes, flounces without limit, some specialised by their depth and others by their

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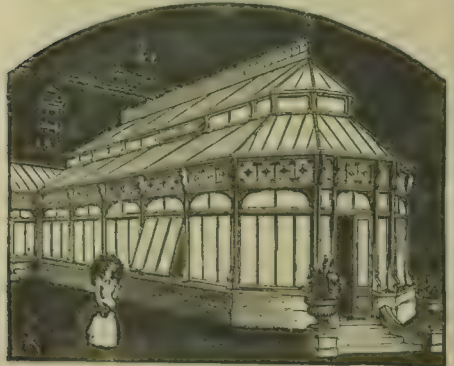
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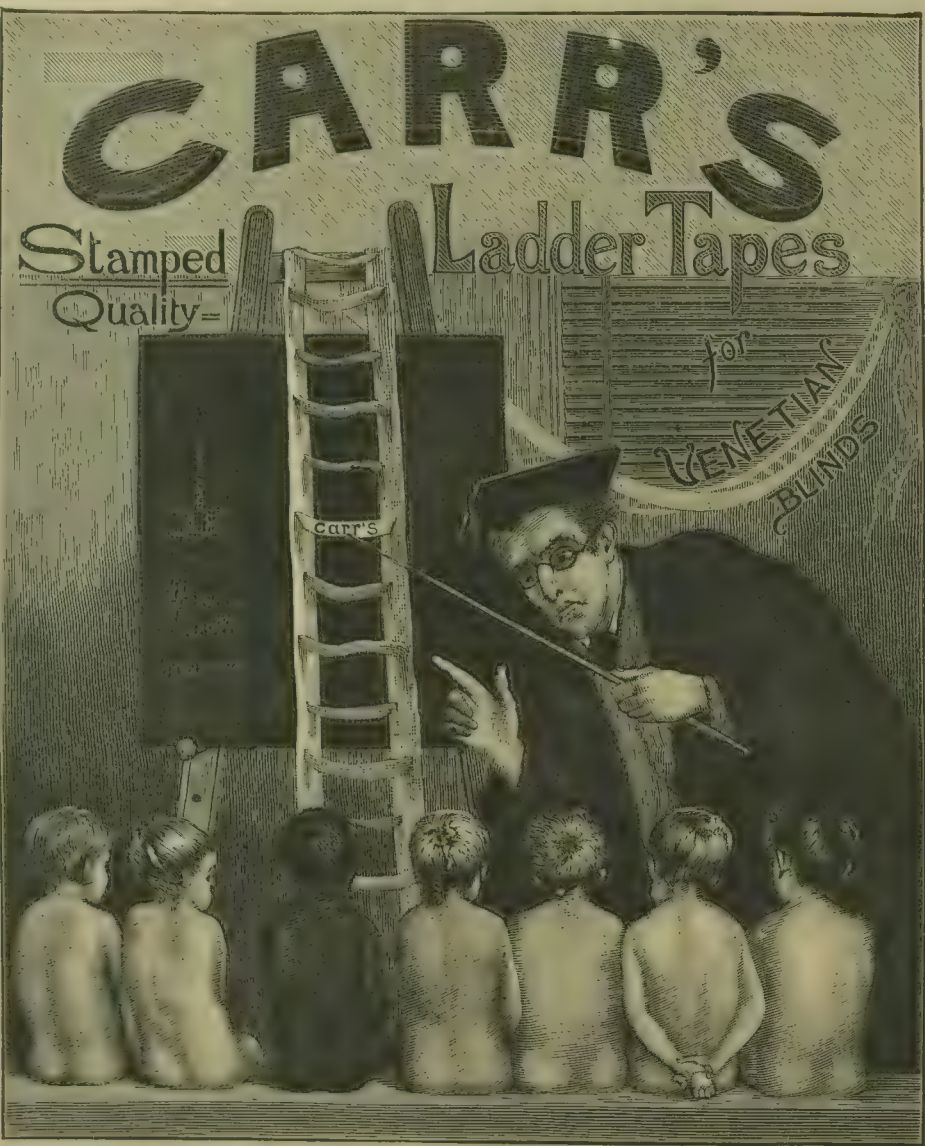
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

It is understood that the Rev. R. L. Ottley, of Magdalen College, Oxford, one of the authors of "Lux Mundi," will succeed Mr. Gore at Pusey House. The selection is a good one, and Mr. Gore's retirement will give him opportunity for a study of the difficult problems confronting theological leaders, which will doubtless result in benefit to the whole Church.

The increasing willingness to undertake parochial work is a hopeful sign of the Church of England. The Hon. and Rev. A. T. Lyttelton, late Warden of Selwyn College, Cambridge, has been instituted to the vicarage of Eccles. He has followed in the footsteps of Dr. Talbot, the Vicar of Leeds, and will doubtless give much satisfaction.

The Boyle lectures this year should be of unusual interest and value. The lecturer, the Rev. Alexander J. Harrison, B.D., is an exceptionally able apologist. His subject is to be "The Grounds of Certainty in Science and Religion."

Bishop Montgomery, of Tasmania, has written to the Governor of Queensland expressing his approval of the Kanaka labour traffic, which had been vehemently condemned by the well-known missionary Dr. John G. Paton.

Lady F. Cavendish, as the mouthpiece of Mrs. Gladstone, has written an interesting account of the Home for Girls at St. Mary's, Notting Hill. Girls are trained there

for domestic service with excellent results. Lady F. Cavendish very naturally says more than £1 should be spent in prevention for every £10 spent in rescue. Mrs. Gladstone receives subscriptions.

Professor R. L. Bensly, of Cambridge, whose premature death is announced, did comparatively little literary work, and took no part in the burning controversies about the Old Testament. What he did, however, was sufficient to show that he was a sound Semitic scholar.

The Nonconformists are apparently giving the Local Veto Bill a practically unanimous support. At a meeting of English Presbyterians held at Manchester, Canon Hicks attended and spoke strongly for the Bill.

The Special Commission appointed at the suggestion of the Prince of Wales to investigate the question of the prevalence and alleged increase of leprosy in India has made its report. Three Commissioners, Drs. Beaven Rake, Buckmaster, and Mr. A. A. Kanthack, were nominated by the College of Physicians, the College of Surgeons, and the executive committee of the National Leprosy Fund. They were joined by two members of the Indian Medical Service on their arrival in India, Surgeon-Majors A. Barclay and S. J. Thomson, of the Bengal Medical Service. They spent five months in visiting asylums and examining 2313 cases of leprosy. The recent statement of an alarming increase of leprosy in British India is, they report, not based on fact.

The figures suggest a decrease rather than an increase. An absolute and relative decrease has taken place since 1881. The Commissioners say that leprosy in India cannot be considered an hereditary disease, and that the evidence which exists is hardly sufficient to establish an inherited specific predisposition to the disease by the offspring of leprosy parents. They think that marriage between lepers, or marriage with lepers, does not increase the risk. The Commissioners have further arrived at the conclusion that, though leprosy must be classed among the contagious diseases, yet the risk of contagion is so small that it may practically be disregarded. The attention of the reformer or legislator should, therefore, be directed towards the removal of predisposing conditions, and to the treatment and cure of the disease in asylums.

The Columbian international naval festivities, in the harbour of New York, to commemorate the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, took place on April 27 with great success. The two small vessels of antique form, constructed in Spain to imitate the "caravels" in which Columbus made his famous voyage, were greeted by an imposing combined fleet of war-ships belonging to ten different nations, the British, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Russian, Austrian, and the United States. President Cleveland was at New York, but had to leave for Chicago before the proceedings ended with a grand parade of marines and seamen on land. The fleet and harbour were splendidly illuminated at night.

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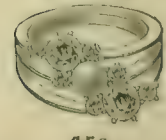
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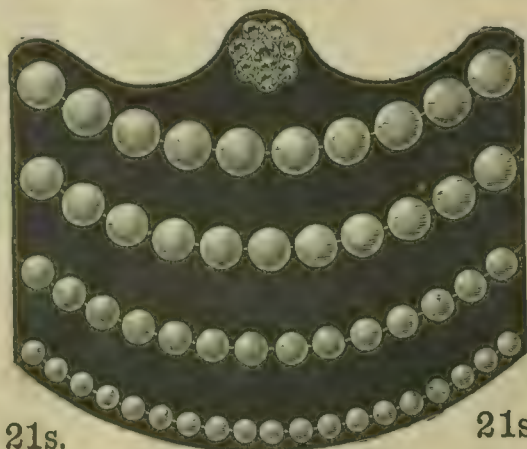
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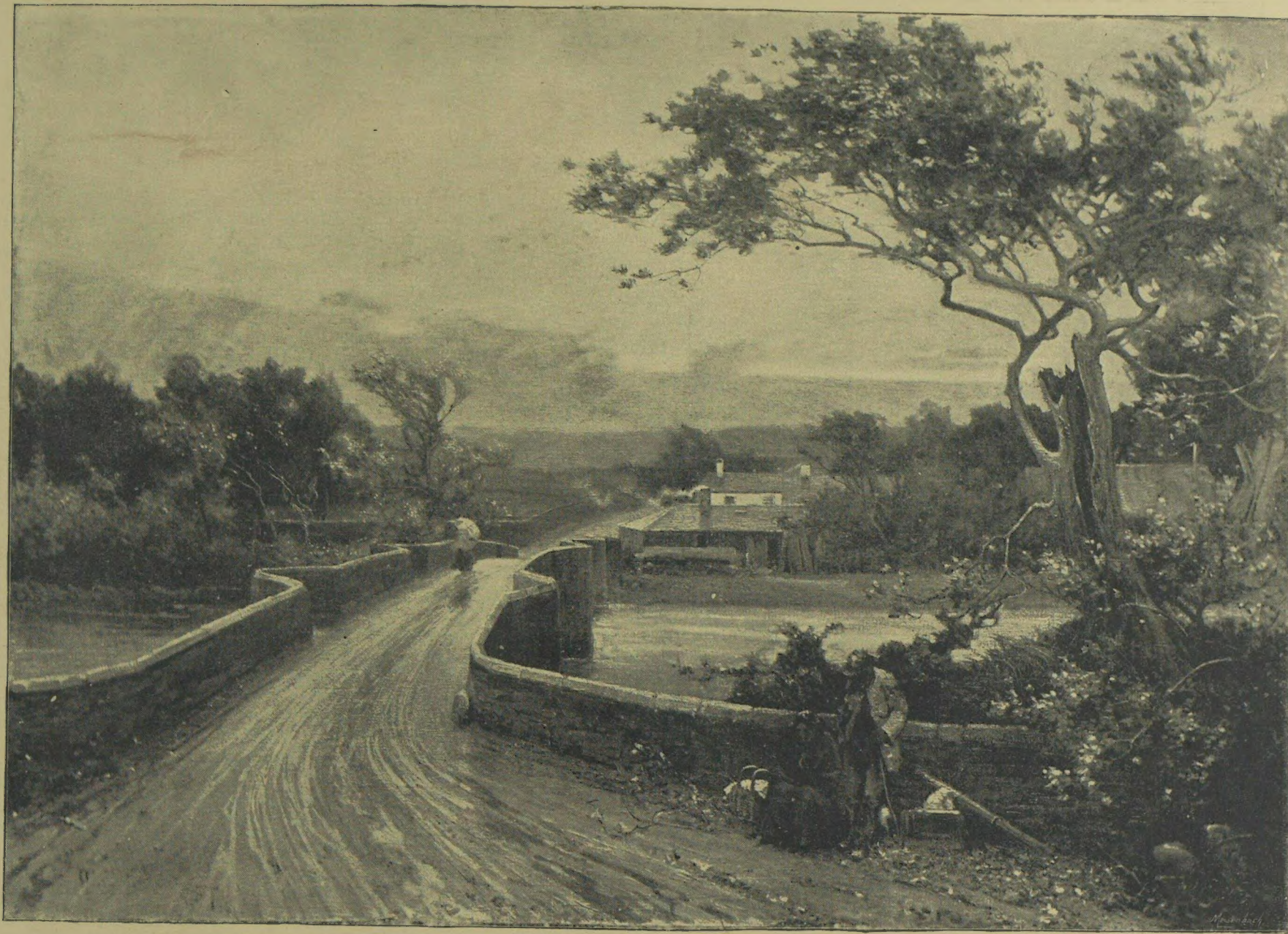
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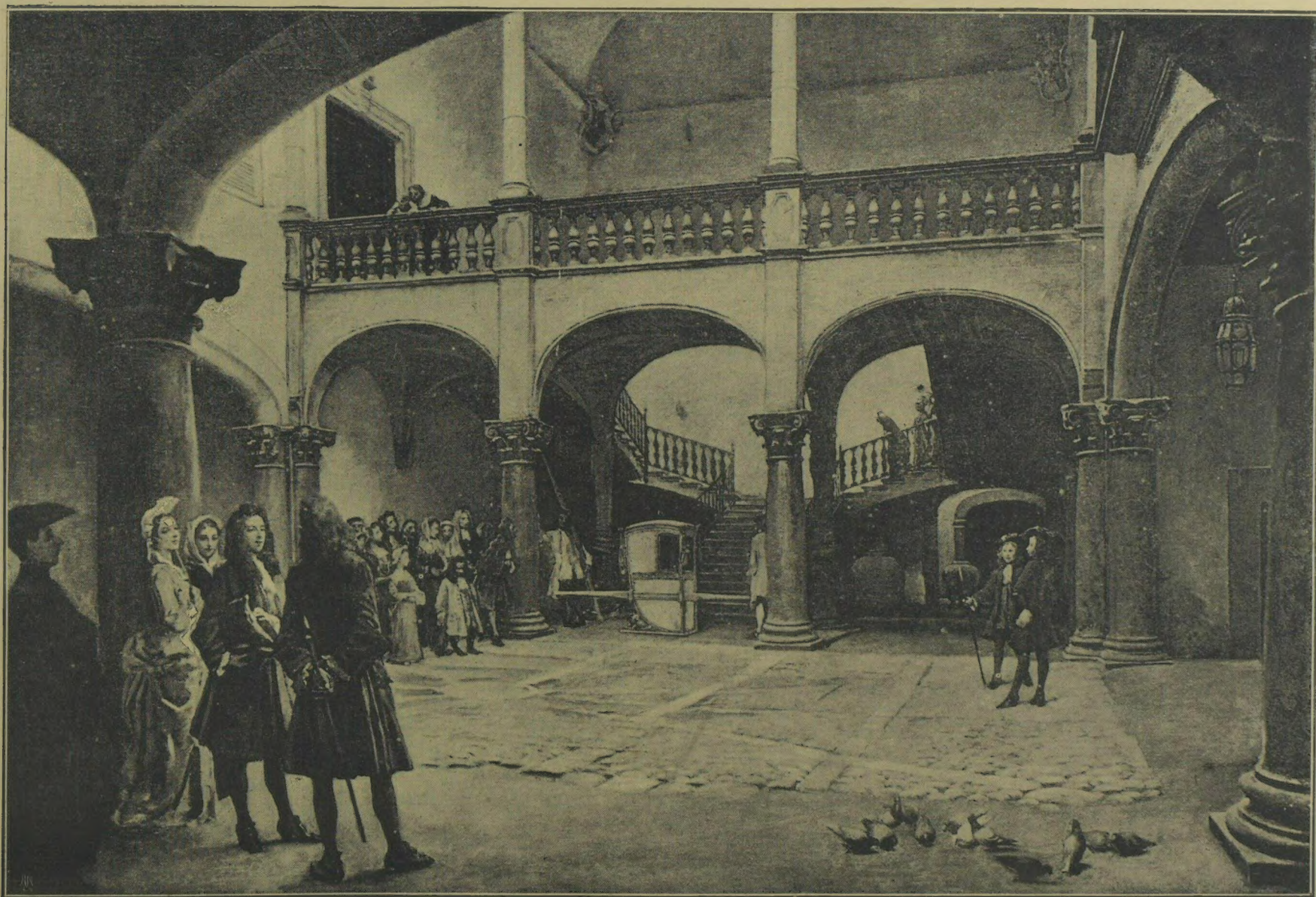


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